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The Week

THE Mexican government, in seeking to put down the revolution, has executed a number of the leaders after brief courts-martial. That fact has shocked many Americans who feel that such conduct is barbarous and inconsistent with the supposed ideals of the Calles regime. The New Republic shares the regret that these executions have taken place. We believe that the government has lost an opportunity for a statesmanlike policy of moderation. If it could have found means for the safe incarceration of the captured generals until the revolution has been put down, it could have greatly strengthened its position at home and abroad. At the same time, it is necessary for us to be as realistic in looking at Mexico as our conservative friends insist we must be in looking at Nicaragua and other Latin-American states. Treason is a crime punishable with death even in countries much more "advanced." The civil conflict, with its issues of clericalism and radicalism, has long been waged with the greatest bitterness. The government believes, and with some justification, that the present revolt is being aided from non-Mexican sources. Finally, there is no doubt that General Gomez would promptly execute Calles and Obregon if he could get his hands on them. The revolutionists took the initiative, as revolutionists always must. They knew what to expect, and have not complained of the outcome.

SIR Austen Chamberlain and Primo de Rivera have had a long and confidential conversation, and the chancellories of Europe have been set buzzing again. The diplomats remember that Sir Austen had a similar conversation with Mussolini some time ago, resulting in a *rapprochement* between England and Italy which has had the most important consequences. De Rivera, in an interview with the London Sunday Times, says that a project is under discussion for Spain to turn over to France her North African possessions, and hints at an Anglo-Spanish entente which shall restore Spain to an important place in the European scheme of things. The second of these suggestions may be taken with at least a tablespoonful of salt; but as to the first, it is not unreasonable. Spain's North African adventure has been a heavy liability which she can ill afford to continue. As for a strengthened "Mediterranean alliance," involving a further encirclement of France, further proof must be demanded before this is accepted as a reality. At the moment, the worst aspect of the business is the underwriting of the de Rivera dictatorship by England, which may prolong its existence beyond the normal span.

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in its appeal for a $400,000,000 federal tax reduction, has abandoned the old and fallacious plea that income taxes can be passed on to the consumer in higher prices, though by mentioning local property taxes it makes an ambiguous statement on this subject which may be misunderstood. Its chief emphasis is rather on the supposed injustice of the corporation income tax to owners of dividend-paying stock. Duplication occurs, it says, in the case of a stockholder who has to pay surtaxes; his profit is taxed once at the source and again in reckoning his

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surtax—though dividends are exempt from the normal personal income tax. As to those whose incomes are not large enough to be subject to surtaxes, discrimination results, says the report, because the corporation tax is so much higher than the normal rate which applies to their income from other sources. Neither of these arguments moves us much. Surtax rates are now so low, and apply to such a limited class of those having the larger incomes, that even the double taxation which they sometimes bring about in the case of dividends is neither unduly burdensome nor unfair from a social point of view. As to the stockholders with smaller incomes, their receipts from dividends and appreciation of their holdings, after the corporation tax is deducted, are usually ample to reward their investment, and constitute no bar, in competition with other ways of investing money, to the purchase of shares. One who receives the larger proportionate reward of industrial ownership should not object to a larger tax on that part of his income.

THE national Commerce Chamber's plea that taxes should be sufficiently reduced so that there will be either no surplus or a deficit in the budget is, to our minds, fallacious from every point of view. The absence of a surplus means, in the first place, a much less rapid reduction of the war debt than has occurred in the past, and a correspondingly heavier burden on future tax-payers as well as a net addition to the total which the government must pay to bondholders. This is poor economy and poor foresight, so long as the nation has an ample income to retire its obligations. The judgment, furthermore, that the national government should be starved in its ability to spend money, lest it make foolish or wasteful expenditures, is a narrow one. It seems to proceed from an assumption that almost any government undertaking is undesirable, and that almost any amount of funds left in private hands will be well used. On the contrary, there are numerous uses to be made of government funds, which would be more valuable than any amount of new investment in making radios and minor luxuries, in high pressure advertising, in dubious foreign loans, or in a large part of the channels which ordinarily carry off private surplus. How about extensive and fundamental flood control? How about useful public work to balance the slackening in private construction? How about Boulder Dam and other great power projects? Finally, the passing endorsement which the report gives to repeal of the federal inheritance tax has almost nothing to recommend it. It is with genuine regret that we see such a name as that of Professor Thomas S. Adams of Yale listed as a member of the committee responsible for this piece of special pleading.

ANALYSIS of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act contained in the Russell Sage Foundation report on "Postponing Strikes," by Ben M. Selekman, brings forth valuable lessons for the United States. The act was originally passed to prevent strikes in public utilities and other essential industries such as coal. It provides that no strike or lockout can be called in such an industry until a report on the dispute has been made public by a board of conciliation and investigation, and carries penalties for violation. Similar proposals have often been made, and sometimes tried, in this country. This compulsory feature of the act has failed. In the eighteen years in which the law has been in force, although 536 disputes have been handled under it, there were 425 strikes in which it was completely ignored. Penalties were seldom invoked, and were never called for by the government. Compulsion of this kind is not wisely or easily applicable to labor. On the other hand, however, conciliation, without the club of compulsion, has gradually won the support of large sections of organized labor. Of the disputes handled under the act, 91 percent were settled without resort to hostilities. Experience shows that the effort to prevent strikes, in order to be effective, must seek to stabilize industrial and employment conditions so as to remove the major causes of discontent, and must enlist the voluntary coöperation of labor rather than antagonize it by harsh methods.

THE National Association of Manufacturers is an organization with which the New Republic does not always agree; and we are, therefore, doubly glad to express our pleasure that it has recently taken what we regard as an excellent stand on the matter of child labor. The N. A. M. now says that children should not be gainfully employed below the age of fourteen. Those beyond that age should have completed the sixth grade in school, and, until the age of sixteen, should continue to receive at least four hours a week in continuation schools. The work week should consist of not more than forty-eight hours, and night work, between 9 P. M. and 7. A. M., should be prohibited. What constitutes the hazard, in hazardous occupations, which are forbidden, should be clearly defined. A state physician should be required to give an examination and offer a certificate of physical fitness, and a state employment officer give his approval of each new job undertaken.

THIS set of standards is not as drastic as that proposed by the National Child Labor Committee. The latter holds that the eighth grade should be completed, instead of the sixth, that the forty-eight-hour week should include no single work day of more than eight hours, and that under no circumstances should children of less than sixteen work in mines (the chief mining states already prohibit this). The Committee would prevent work after 7 P. M. and before 6 A. M. These differences are not vital, however; and even the standards of the N. A. M., if lived up to, would mean a great improvement in most parts of the country. Only six

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states have as yet progressed so far. The Child Labor Committee points out that, as to the others,

> six states do not require employment certificates for children of fourteen to sixteen years, seventeen states do not require a physical examination of children applying for work permits; nineteen states do not require the completion of the sixth grade; twenty-one states have no continuation-school law; thirteen states permit more than a forty-eight-hour week for children between fourteen and sixteen years in manufacturing and seventeen in mercantile establishments; thirty-two states permit work before 7 A. M.; five permit work after 9 P. M. in manufacturing and fifteen in mercantile establishments. Twenty-eight states permit children under sixteen to work around explosives; twenty-two states permit them to run elevators; thirty-five permit them to work on scaffolding; seventeen permit them to oil, wipe and clean machinery in motion.

The N. A. M., which, in the past, has pursued a narrow, selfish and short-sighted labor policy, has taken a notable step. We should like to see it followed by an equal change of heart in regard to trade-unionism and social legislation.

KATHERINE MAYO'S book, "Mother India," which was recently reviewed in our columns by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, is the sensation of three countries. In England and the United States it is a best-seller; and in India it is being received as violently as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in the South in 1852. Mass meetings are held, at which the book is denounced by speakers most of whom admit they have not read it; and the usual efforts at legal censorship are being made. The protestants are on good ground, we think, when they oppose Miss Mayo's argument that the conditions she exposes justify the indefinite continuance of British rule. This is merely the expression of a personal opinion which she has long been known to hold. When they attack the book as a whole, however, they would get a better hearing if, instead of indulging in vituperation of the author, they would show that some of her statistical statements are incorrect. Mr. Gandhi, in his lengthy discussion of the work in "Young India," denies the truth of a reported incident showing the sentimental affection of the Hindus for the Prince of Wales, and complains that some statements of fact have been "torn from their context" by Miss Mayo. He thinks she saw only one side of the medal, and is an "Indiophobe." But he does not refute any of her more important allegations regarding the treatment of women and children.

SOME of these allegations are supported by statistical evidence from other sources. In regard to infant mortality, for example, statistics of the Health Officer of Calcutta for 1926 have just been made public. They show an infant death rate per 1,000 births of 308. The comparable figure for the whole United States is 71.7, and in several American cities it is very much lower still. Significant also is the fact that among young women in Calcutta the death rate from tuberculosis (most deadly of all diseases in India) is five times that of young men of the same age. Early marriage, poverty, ignorance, and the "purdah" system are the causes given for this shocking condition. The total death rate for all of British India is 30 per 1,000 persons, to be compared with a rate of 11.8 in the United States. These are facts which speak for themselves; and no amount of denunciation of Miss Mayo will answer them.

IN spite of the emphasis of some news reports, there is nothing essentially new about the wage policy described in the report of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. to the Convention in Los Angeles. Two years ago the Federation went on record favoring advances in real wages and reduction in working hours to keep step with the increase of industrial productivity. This year's report emphasizes the need, in putting such a policy into practice, of research and accounting analysis on the part of the unions, to discover how great the increase in productivity is, and what effect it has on the ability of the employer to pay. Any individual union engaged in wage negotiations, which attempts to apply the productivity policy, will discover of itself the need for such statistical analysis, and many have done so. Nevertheless, the emphasis on the necessity of research is wholesome, provided it does not become frittered away in vague and meaningless generalities. There is no magic in research. Applied by qualified experts to concrete problems, it may help tremendously. But it is not a function which can be appropriated for political prestige in the movement, nor is it a substitute for basic economic power. Those unions which have, through strong and independent organization, often won by means of the strike, established the right to be heard, can use the results of research fruitfully in their activities. In an editorial article on another page, we examine these possibilities.

OTHER parts of the Council's report are commendable, though not startling. It is, indeed, wise for unions to go slowly in establishing labor banks until they are fully aware of the dangers and informed of the policies which will render those banks at the same time true to labor and sound from a financial point of view. The slight gain in union membership is hopeful, though too small to furnish an occasion for much congratulation. The fight and victory against the Communist elements in certain New York unions was probably necessary, even if it is not so largely to be attributed to the power of the Federation itself as the language of the report might lead one to think. One can only wish that the report had been able to recite, with equal enthusiasm, decisive victories in organizing the unorganized.

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The Principle of Social Wages

AMERICAN labor's "new wage principle," formally adopted at the A. F. of L. convention in 1925, and repeated this year with emphasis on the need for greater use of research and statistics on the part of unions, represents more an aspiration toward justice, or an argument to be used in justifying rises in wages, than it does an explanation of how wages actually are fixed, or a method of fixing them. This distinction needs to be emphasized, for there are too many, not only among union leaders but among employers, who imagine that to enunciate a principle is to establish a practice.

The principle, on its face, is simplicity itself. The more simple-minded economists and business men have long urged labor to produce more, and not to hamper in any way the introduction of more efficient machinery and methods, in order that labor might have more. The benefits were supposed to be automatic. A little study of the facts showed, however, that apparently they were not. What wage-earners received, indicated by the trend of their real wages or purchasing power, did not necessarily advance in step with the trend of physical productivity in the nation. Very well, said labor, we will take you at your word. Production is increasing much more rapidly than the number of wage-earners, or the population of the country. We therefore demand equivalent increases in purchasing power. And let us emphasize especially the important implications in this doctrine—handed to us by you. It means, in the first place, that wages need not be reduced when the cost of living falls, and must in the long run be advanced faster than retail prices rise; otherwise the wage-earner's purchasing power would not be increased. It means, too, that you can no longer off-hand blame increases in wages for increases in prices or in the cost of living. For if the production per worker is increased, that means that labor cost per unit of product is *lowered,* at the same wage rates. An increase in wages, following an increase in productivity, and of the same amount, will not increase labor costs at all, and so cannot increase prices.

In its new statement of the principle the Federation introduces the term "social wages." Labor used to think merely about money wages. It used to measure its prosperity merely by the number of dollars in the pay envelope. But it learned that money wages of a certain amount had different values at different times, according as the cost of living went up or down. Then it turned its attention to *real* wages—the purchasing power of the wage at the current retail price level. It demanded increases in money wages equivalent to increases in the cost of living. Thus you could have an increase in money wages though the real wage did not advance. Stable real wages appeared to be satisfactory until it became apparent that the total national product was rapidly increasing, not only absolutely, but in respect to the population. So, if labor kept merely the same real wage, it was enjoying a smaller and smaller share of the nation's product. Compared with that, and with the rewards of others, its reward was decreasing. So now it is said that the worker's "social wage," or share in production, should not decrease, and should, if possible, increase. You can have an increase in money wages, or even an increase in real wages, without an increase in social wages. It is on the social wage that labor must concentrate its attention. For this purpose statistics of wage rates, of prices, and of production, are all essential. Better accountancy, showing production costs and profits, is necessary. All the facts must be available.

So far, so good. But so far, the principle is chiefly of advantage in general argument, in creating a state of mind favorable to wage increases. If labor is to put the doctrine into effect in specific industries and plants, much more understanding of economic processes is essential.

One perplexity which soon appears upon study of productivity rises from the different rates of increase in production which occur in different industries. The manufacture of automobiles, which is a comparatively new industry, subject to a high degree of mechanization, has increased its efficiency in an astounding ratio in recent years. Very well, you may say, increase the automobile workers' wages proportionately. But the manufacture of shoes, which is an older industry to feel the touch of the machine, has not recently been marked by any great increase in productivity. Are we to say, then, that the shoe workers are not to have higher real wages? Should they not share in the general average rise of productivity? Should the automobile workers receive the sole benefit of mechanical progress? Such a conclusion is hardly just from a social point of view; and, as is more important, perhaps, such divergences in wage movements could hardly be maintained in a labor market which still retains some fluidity. But how can the shoe workers' wages be indefinitely increased, if there is no appreciable growth in the efficiency of their industry, without either an uneconomic increase in the price of shoes or a disastrous encroachment in profits? There is, however, another way out. We are talking of real wages, which are a function not only of money wages but of prices. As automobile efficiency increases, the result may be, not so much to raise the money wages of automobile workers as to lower the prices of automobiles. That brings about a more general distribution of the benefits of greater productivity. We do not mean to imply literally that many shoe workers can buy motor cars, even at the reduced prices. But, in general, the illustration indicates that perhaps the drive for higher social wages may have to deal with the desirability of a falling price level for the goods which wage-earners buy, as increased efficiency

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makes lower prices possible, rather than merely with the desirability of higher money wages.

When attention is directed to wages in a specific industry, another problem will appear. Some firms the industry will be found to be much more ficient and profitable than others. The more cient firms will be capable of paying a higher ge. But the customs of the labor market, as well the necessities of collective bargaining, require the setting of uniform basic rates of pay for given occupations throughout the industry or market. There will be variations, of course, but rarely enough of these to match the variations in efficiency. The least efficient plant thus tends to set the wage level, leaving the more efficient with abnormally large profits. And much the same factors influence the price of the product. When unions, through study of engineering and accounting data, become conscious of this obstacle to a fair social wage, they will be forced to take a more active interest in efficient business practices. They will, some day, see the necessity either of bringing the backward firms up to standard, or of disregarding their necessities in the fixing of wage rates, and thus influencing their chance of survival.

There will be, furthermore, situations in which the backward plants or properties can neither be brought up to the level of the more profitable nor abandoned. The advantage of the leading companies may be due to control of rich natural resources, or to quasi-monopolistic privileges of some kind. This seems to be the situation, for instance, in anthracite coal, and, to a lesser extent, in bituminous. What is labor to do in such cases? Certainly it must turn its attention to the business organization of the whole industry. It may find the answer in compulsory unification, accompanied by public ownership or control. Or it may have to seek for the equalization of social income in some form of taxation.

Nor, in an attempt to raise social wages, can labor ultimately escape the problem of the adequacy of profits. Social wages may be kept the same without encroaching on existing profits. If labor merely wants the same share of the national product which it now has, it can leave to others the same share they now have, and, as productivity increases, the rich can grow richer while the poor become less poor. But any attempt to alter the sharing—that is, to increase social wages—brings up the necessity of analyzing the share of the owner. Are profits too large? If so, why? How large must a profit be, for the general welfare? More specifically, how much should the wage of management be in order to call forth enterprise and skill? And how much should be offered for the incurring of risk? How can risk be reduced? And what return is necessary to attract the desirable amount of investment of new capital? How much should be reinvested by the concern itself? Such problems lie on the frontier of applied economics; but labor's urge for a better sharing of the national product might apply a valuable pressure leading to a more intensive consideration of them.

We do not expect answers to most of these questions in a day, or even the raising of them in practical form. But it is useful to point a searchlight up the road which labor is traveling. The new wage principle, if applied with force and intelligence, is pregnant with significance for the whole economic order. Like all fruitful principles, it implies much more than is imagined even by its framers. We hope labor will diligently go to work with it, in order to unfold its possibilities.

College Football

THE return of the pigskin season serves to remind us that as yet nothing whatever has been done about the proposal made last spring by President Hopkins of Dartmouth to keep the football tail from wagging the college dog. President Hopkins proposed, it will be remembered, to limit the sport to men of the sophomore and junior classes, to have each contest played in two games simultaneously by two teams for each contestant and to restrict coaching to undergraduates. He argued that these measures would have the effect of opening the sport to participation by more students, of diffusing public interest now concentrated on a single big game, and of checking the tendency toward professionalism inherent in the employment of professional coaches.

President Hopkins wrote from the point of view of a believer in intercollegiate sports, and particularly football, as having "certain vital values in a college community" which could not be spared "without impairing the masculinity and virility which most of us want to feel to be typical of communities of college men." He brought forward his proposals as a friend of the game who does not wish "to see it exalted to its ruin by uncomprehensive forces outside the college life," or "stifled to death by exasperated forces within." In regard to the first tendency, President Hopkins' position will be generally admitted to be sound. From the College of the City of New York has come a statement that "it is simply a healthy interest that the public is manifesting," and from Princeton University the protest, "We never did believe in that overemphasis business down here," but, on the whole, college faculties and administrations are fully aware of the dangerous and ignominious position in which their surrender of an increasingly extending sphere of influence has placed them.

The public regards the provision of football games as the chief function of local institutions of higher learning. Of everything which interferes with this object it is impatient. Brilliant players must be retained at whatever sacrifice of academic standards. Seating capacity running into the hun-

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dred thousand must be provided, whatever the lack of laboratories and libraries. Such demands necessarily impinge on the situation within the colleges. The feeling between selected rivals is whipped to fury. The players are coerced by loyalty to something higher than the intellectual life. The faculty are constrained to become accomplices in the neglect of the legitimate business of college. When they try to be conscientious, they are subject to pressure on the part of students, alumni and public. Nothing is more belittling to the whole idea of college life than the efforts, futile even when honest, on the part of a college administration to maintain academic standards under the exigencies of a football season. The attempt to gauge the eligibility of a player by evidences of his college work leads to endless bickering among professional athletic boards of rival institutions. It may be noted that there is nothing so foreign to the function of a college teacher as such diplomatic service. Even the caracter of a college president has been known to wilt under it. Moreover, there are the larger enmities in which institutions become involved, leading to the exhibition of rival brutalities on the field, and to the exchange of post-season amenities, such as we saw last year between Princeton and Harvard. There is the vulgarity of publicity, of pages of newsprint devoted to "the dope," with the aggrandizement of individual players and of coaches who are as greedy as film stars. There is the final contest with the public over the distribution of tickets, with recurrent scandals involving students and alumni who sell out their priorities. Formerly the discussion of football turned chiefly on features of the game itself—the ethics of pulling hair, the alleged brutality involving bodily contact and mass play, the awful language used by the coach. Now these questionable practices are lost sight of in the consideration of those features of the game which originate in, or are emphasized by, its public character. In view of the discomfort, disorder, and indignity caused by these, there is no doubt that a large number of college faculties would vote to abolish the game if they were free agents.

But they are not. Like the Chinese, they have granted a concession to the public upon the basis of which a great trade has sprung up, on which they have become, in a measure, dependent, so that they cannot return to old habits of academic life if they would. The public values colleges according to prestige in football. The portion of the public which contributes in large numbers if not in the largest sums to colleges, the alumni and those in contact with them, is particularly susceptible to this incitement. Moreover, many colleges have built stadia and bowls to accommodate the sporting public, issuing bonds on which interest and sinking fund requirements are met out of football receipts. Not only is football the only resource for such grandiose enterprises; in many colleges it supports other sports as well. The appropriation in the budget for physical culture has become a charge on the football season. College faculties are seldom given power over the financial arrangements of the institution, which remain the prerogative of the trustees. The abolition of football, as a disciplinary measure by the faculty, might, therefore, involve a constitutional question.

Such being the case, is there any hope of betterment from the source of evil itself—the public? A few years ago, baseball was one of the worst offenders among college sports in view of the temptation which it offered to a mild form of professionalism known as summer ball. Professorial diplomats who represented colleges in the various conferences were much engaged in making broad their phylacteries, and striking the holier-than-thou attitude. Today there is hardly a breath of scandal about college baseball, because no one cares. The professional game absorbs public interest, and deprived of this stimulus, college rivalry in this field has ebbed away. Doubtless the interminable disputes about the amateur purity of college players has helped to kill it. Is there room for such a development of professional football as has taken place in Great Britain? To this there are two obstacles. For one, the game as played in America is unsuited for professionals because of the large risk to bodily injury. Now and then a speculator will take a chance on a Red Grange, but not on a whole team of stars. For another, the season for the strenuous American game is too short, barely two months of the year.

Perhaps the most hopeful feature of the situation from this point of view is the enormous growth of interest in the Army-Navy game maintained by the United States government. Last year's contest in Chicago surpassed in public interest all college games of the season. West Point and Annapolis can properly make the training of their team the chief responsibility of the season, and thus insure a technique which will throw the best college teams into the second class. It is true, there is only one West Point and one Annapolis and one game between them—but other government schools, such as Carlisle, and training stations, such as Great Lakes, could be given over in the autumn to football. The fostering of athletic sports among its schools and departments by the federal government would not only remove an obstacle to the higher education—it would add to the popularity of the government and restore something of the good will which it loses annually through the enforcement of the Volstead Act. It would result in the canalizing of public enthusiasm, which is now more than wasted, into channels of patriotism. And the receipts might easily figure in the reduction of taxation and the public debt.

Aside from this suggestion, we have nothing to offer, except a plea that President Hopkins' proposals be tried out. Nothing can be done about football except by a concert of colleges. The first

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effect of President Hopkins' proposals ought to be to bring the colleges together in conference; and a basis for common action once arrived at, if the disease does not yield to treatment, further measures can be taken. By the time that the investment in football is liquidated, the colleges may be ready to liquidate the game altogether.

The Red Man's Burden

ONE of the problems which will come before the next session of Congress is the present treatment of the Indian by the government. Friends of the tribesmen in House and Senate will once more seek to obtain an impartial and far-reaching investigation of the whole question whether the Indian is faring well or badly today, and whether the federal bureau which conducts his affairs is, on the whole, a tyrannical or a benevolent institution. Not much action is to be expected from a short session at the beginning of a presidential year; but at least a modicum of publicity may be expected, and those who are fighting the Indian's battles for him believe that making the facts public has a wholesome effect.

Few public questions are more heavily involved in controversy than this one. Those who attack or defend the Indian Bureau cannot find words strong enough to express their scorn for one another, and the violence with which they repudiate the charges made by their opponents. In the absence of such an impartial investigation as is to be sought again from Congress, all that is possible is to report both sides of the argument.

One of the few facts which is conceded by all is that the Indian death rate is shockingly high. The Commissioner for Indian Affairs, Mr. Charles H. Burke, repudiates the assertion of the American Indian Defense Association, Inc., based on Census Bureau reports, that the death rate has increased 48 percent since the War; but he concedes that it averaged for four years, 1920-25 (exclusive of 1924, for which statistics are incomplete), 22.8 deaths per annum per 1,000 persons. When we compare this with the death rate for the whole population, about 11.8, we see that the Indians are in fact dying twice as fast as the whites. The Indian Defense Association believes that the total number of the Indians is shrinking, so that they will have vanished entirely in another quarter century, but if this be true, it is so recent a development that it is not reflected in the statistics. These show a steady slight increase most of the time for the past sixty years. In 1865 the tribesmen numbered 294,574; in 1926, 349,964. Their high death rate is partly offset by a very high birth rate, 27.5 per 1,000 per annum, about six points higher than that of the whites. The Association maintains that the population is padded by the inclusion of intermarried whites and some 25,000 persons in Oklahoma who ought more properly to be classified as Negroes.

The Defense Association further alleges that the infant mortality rate among Indians is two and five-sevenths times that of the general population; that the tuberculosis death rate is seven and a half times higher; and that one-fifth of all Indians, or more than 60,000 individuals, are suffering from trachoma. Dr. Haven Emerson of Columbia University, former health commissioner for New York City, says of them that "outside of Russia, India or China, I know of no nation, race or tribe of human beings which now exhibit such tragic neglect of the most elementary protection against sickness and death."

One of the policies of the federal bureau most strongly criticized is that of maintaining boarding schools for Indian children. It is said to be a settled custom in regard to some tribes to "Americanize" the children by taking them away from their parents, often as early as at six years, and keeping them in boarding schools where they can be preserved from any contact with the characteristic Indian culture. These schools, no doubt, differ in excellence, as do those for white boys and girls; but at their worst they are evidently pretty bad. Some of them are overcrowded; in some, food is scanty, discipline strict, and understanding and sympathy for the silent, homesick little waifs are lacking. Mr. H. L. Russell, who was construction chief for the Leupp school for Navajos, in a letter introduced as testimony before the United States Senate Committee on Indian Affairs said of conditions at that school a short time ago:

> I have seen Indian boys chained to their beds at night for punishment. I have seen them thrown in cellars under the buildings, which the superintendent called a jail. I have seen their shoes taken away from them, and they then forced to walk through the snow to the barn to help milk. I have seen them whipped with a hemp rope, also a water hose and forced to do servant's work for employees and superintendents without compensation under the guise of industrial employment and education.

The economic condition of the Indians is the basis of charges equally sweeping. All red men, since 1924, are United States citizens; but about 220,000 of them, or two-thirds of the total number, are still adjudged "incompetent," and all their business affairs conducted by the Indian Bureau. It controls property of all kinds valued at $1,600,000,000, money and securities to the extent of $90,000,000. The Defense Society states that these so-called "incompetent" Indians are utterly helpless in the hands of the bureau, being unable to make a will, sign a lease or deed, or take any other legal step without official approval. This was the bureau's own contention, it is said, in fighting in the courts the famous Jackson Barnett case. While the Indians may employ personal or tribal counsel to represent them,

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it so happens that these appointments almost invariably get into the hands of men who are friendly toward the bureau.

A system of which there is much complaint is that of "reimbursable charges." Under it, Congress votes funds for large and costly improvements on the Indians' lands, and these are taxed over a period of years to pay back the obligation thus incurred. Begun, no doubt, as a friendly financial service, it has developed into what the Indians through their spokesmen call a grave abuse. They say they have to pay for huge and wasteful projects as to which they are not consulted in advance, projects of little or no use to them, but of great value to neighboring white settlers, or others.

The Pimas, for example, are paying for a bridge which cost between $300,000 and $400,000. They say they can't use it; that to do so would require a four-mile, needless detour. They say further that no one actually needs it, for the stream it spans is easily fordable all but three of four days of the year. But . . . this bridge happens to be on a direct tourist route from Phoenix to Tucson.

The Navajos, again, are to pay for a $100,000 bridge across the Grand Canyon, at a spot thirty miles from the nearest settler's ranch, and where traffic in September, 1926, averaged about two vehicles a day.

Representative James A. Frear of Wisconsin, in the summer of 1926, undertook a private 4,500-mile automobile tour, visiting twenty reservations and studying conditions. What he thinks of the general situation of the Indians may be deduced from a resolution which he introduced in the House and recently quoted in testimony before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs:

> Through seventy years of bureaucratic guardianship the Indian has been held by the Indian Bureau in a hopeless, un-American and unambitious position, with 240,000 [number now officially estimated at 220,000] or two-thirds of all Indians still kept by the Indian Bureau in a restricted condition and declared by it to be incompetent to own or manage property, this status being determined by the Indian Bureau itself without right of court review. . . .
>
> The Indian Bureau . . . exercises practically unlimited control over Indian property estimated at $1,600,000,000 in value. . . .
>
> Indian agents appoint $10-a-month subordinate agents called "judges" who, without trial by jury or any known code of law or legal practice, have confined Indians in jail and compelled them to work on the highways as convicts and to pay fines. . . .
>
> Disease conditions shocking beyond description have developed and now menace the white population of several states, while destroying the Indians. . . .
>
> The Indian Bureau has charged to the several tribes many millions of dollars for bridges, roads, irrigation projects and other public and private work not consented to by the Indians and not intended primarily, if at all in some cases, to be used by the Indians. . . .
>
> The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has advocated laws that have required and will require the Indians to give unjust oil leases, reaching many millions of dollars and unwarranted favors to oil producers and speculators, including payment by the Indians of the white producers' and speculators' tax, and . . . has favored legislation designed to cancel and confiscate Indian property rights. . . .

A vigorous general denial of all these charges is made, as we have said, by Commissioner Burke. So far as the New Republic can learn, he has not made this denial in detail, taking up the accusations point by point. When he does, we shall be glad to give space to his reply.

Several reforms are suggested by Mr. Frear and those who agree with him. They believe that the welfare of the Indian children would be better served if they were put in day schools and permitted to remain with their parents. Reimbursable charges should not be assessed, they feel, unless there is clear evidence that the project is a useful one and that the tribe wants it. Indians should choose their own attorneys without pressure. When Indians have tribal dances as part of their religious ceremonies, the officials should make very sure that these dances are in fact undesirable before prohibiting or curtailing them—a point of view with which President Coolidge, in a recent address, indicated his agreement. More important still is the suggestion in some quarters that the federal bureau be abolished, and the care of the Indians put into the hands of the several states where they reside. This would mean local administration by persons on the spot, who could be reached, if necessary, by delegations from the tribesmen with grievances. (The charge is made that today the Bureau sometimes refuses to permit tribal funds to be used for the expenses of complainants visiting Washington.) Public opinion should be more effective within the borders of one state than it is nationally. Whether this reform is necessary, it is hardly possible to say in the light of the present information. Enough has certainly been revealed, however, to justify the demand for a searching, comprehensive congressional investigation of all the facts.

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The Quaker Empire

GENEVA, in one short summer, has seen the partial failure of one conference called to prepare disarmament, and the total failure of another. That experience sat heavily on the Assembly of the League of Nations throughout its sittings in September. In one form or another, it never ceased to discuss this failure: one might almost say that it discussed nothing else. From all sides came proposals for the discovery of a new starting point which would bring the world at last within sight of disarmament. The public debates were a litany in which the three words, Security, Arbitration, Disarmament, rang like a refrain. The discussions in committee were an elaborate effort to draft formulæ which would base the relations of the powers upon these cabalistic words. Whether by spontaneous impulse or by organization, the thoughts of most of the members had traveled backwards over a period of three years, to that notable session of the Assembly, when, under the guidance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot, the so-called "Protocol" was accepted with enthusiasm, and even with unanimity. A year later, the League was staggered by the blunt refusal of the British Empire to ratify, or even to discuss it. It lay forgotten for a season, and, in some sense, the substitute of the Locarno treaties seemed to have taken its place. Today, the world has to realize that Locarno was in fact no substitute at all. Nor could it be. The Protocol was a general charter, which amended the Covenant of the League. It spread its jurisdiction over all the earth, with the United States and Russia as the only important dissenters. It outlawed war—in plain words, abolished the "right" of private war, which is as old as history. It provided for arbitration or conciliation in every dispute. It defined the vague concept of aggression, and identified the aggressor as the government which refuses to arbitrate. It pledged every member to join in the common defense of a menaced state. In short, it set up a world-wide system of justice, and a coöperative organization of justice. It was to take effect only after a fruitful disarmament conference had been held, for it proceeded on the assumption that only when arbitration was accepted as a universal duty, and mutual defense as a common burden, would great armaments become unnecessary.

Assuredly, for this Protocol Locarno was no substitute. It was not a world-wide charter; it applied only to Western Europe. On either side of the Rhine it walled in a little oasis of peace, while it left the dark continents to luck and the League. Again, while it bound several continental powers to arbitrate, and brought in Great Britain to guarantee their pledges, it left the island power conspicuously outside the network of promises. She neither took nor received any undertaking to arbitrate disputes, and now, on two occasions, first in 1925 and again this year, the British Empire has posed before the world in the singular guise of a Quaker who will take no oath. Will she arbitrate her disputes? She has often done so: she will often do so again. But no promise will ever cross her imperial lips. Assuredly, Locarno was no substitute for the Protocol. It organized arbitration only over a part of one continent. It guaranteed only one frontier—that which separates Germany from Belgium and France. It did nothing for disarmament.

Staggered by the double failure to disarm, the League has gone back to the Protocol. The tendency declared itself most clearly in the resolution which Holland had tabled; more vaguely in a Polish declaration; fiercely, even angrily, in certain speeches, notably the much-applauded oration of the Norwegian delegate. To this tendency only two powers seemed to be opposed, the British Empire, and its close associate, Fascist Italy. So far as the majority of the members of the League are concerned, this revived enthusiasm for the Protocol could spring only from disinterested reasoning. The failure to disarm could mean, they argued, only that some states still feel insecure: the remedy would seem to be universal arbitration and coöperative defense. These, presumably, were the arguments which weighed with Holland and the little Northern neutrals, and the numerous Latin-American states were probably of the same mind. Poland and the other continental powers of the second rank, which often act under French influence, may well have had another motive—an interested, though a proper and natural motive. All of them suffer under the dangerous disability of disputed frontiers: all of them have within their borders alien and discontented populations: all of them know that neighbors who have claims to part of their territory may one day be tempted to enforce their pretensions by arms. Now the Protocol does plainly what the Covenant does only by implication. It pledges the whole membership of the League to resist any attempt to alter frontiers by the use of armed force. The Covenant may mean this (as American opinion held that it did), but it does not say it in explicit words. The Protocol is perfectly explicit. It places the land, sea and air forces of its members at the disposal of the League to resist such aggressions as these continental powers fear. But it also stipulates—an important reservation often forgotten in these debates—that each member shall be the judge of the extent of the aid which he shall render to a menaced state. If every

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power kept its word in the spirit as in the letter, the Covenant might mean as much as the Protocol. It does, indeed, explicitly require every member to take his share in the enforcement of economic penalties. Can one enforce a blockade without using at least one's naval forces? But there is much virtue in explicit words, and, accordingly, it happens that those European states which suffer from territorial indigestion feel a peculiar enthusiasm for the Protocol. It would guarantee their insecure and dubious borders. It means, in plain words, that all the world would do sentry duty on the Polish frontiers.

That the British Empire will have nothing to do with the Protocol, everyone knows. Sir Austen Chamberlain has said it twice, with Geneva for his pulpit. One cannot treat his rejection of it as a personal decision: the Cabinet, the Tory party and the British Dominions were assuredly behind him, and so, judging from its press, is the Liberal party. Even the Labor party is no longer unanimous in support of the Protocol: Mr. Philip Snowden and Colonel Wedgwood, members of the Cabinet which approved it, have recently declared against it. If Europe has various reasons for approving, the British Empire has various and even contradictory reasons for opposing it. It is not easy to disentangle them, but a brief analysis may be useful.

The objections revolve round two points: (1) the pledge of mutual support against aggression and (2) the all-in obligation to arbitrate disputes. On the former point, the objectors are unanimous: on the second point, the Liberals part company with the Tories. Let us summarize, then, the general view on the former point. It is, briefly, as Sir Austen Chamberlain put it at Geneva, that, for all its might, the British Empire is not strong enough to take a pledge to act against aggression in every corner of the globe. It has taken that pledge for Western Europe in the Locarno treaties: it will not take it for Eastern Europe, still less for Asia and America. It has guaranteed the Franco-German frontier: it will not guarantee the frontiers of Poland. And this is more than illustration. For throughout the debates, both on Locarno and on the Protocol, it is on Poland that British opinion has centered its gaze. Here is a country which has insisted on annexing millions of unwilling subjects, Ukrainians, White Russians and Germans. She holds the Danzig corridor which divides East Prussia from the rest of Germany. She has appropriated the coal field of Upper Silesia. She is a standing challenge to Russia on the East and to Germany on the West, and, with it all, she is poor, ill-governed, and ill-organized, while her diplomacy is as quarrelsome as her frontiers are easy to overrun. Are we to pledge ourselves to defend frontiers which we believe to be unjust? Must we back a power which has no more regard for conciliation in its policy than for moderation in its appetites? And even if we could be sure that Poland's quarrel were just, dare we promise to send our troops to the further end of Europe? What is said of Poland may be said with almost equal cogency about Rumania. And, finally, there are Tories who take peculiar offense at the idea of placing the British Navy at the disposal of the League, even for the purpose of policing the seas in time of war. That means a surrender of sovereignty for which nationalists are unprepared. The Tory dislikes any explicit recognition that we owe any duty to the world: he would keep our fleet to fight our own battles. The Liberal believes that many European frontiers are morally indefensible, and he holds that the effect of the Protocol would be to stereotype injustice.

The British view on arbitration is less easy to explain, for it is rarely stated with frankness. One must read it between the lines of published speeches and articles, or gather it from private conversations. It is, of course, that arbitration is a good thing in its way. We have often resorted to it. We will frequently, even usually, resort to it in the future; but we will give no general promise to resort to it, even in strictly justiciable disputes. In plain words, we refuse to sign the so-called "optional" clause of the Hague Tribunal. Why? A diplomatist will say (in private) that we can often get, by diplomatic pressure, a settlement more favorable to ourselves than we could hope to get by the verdict of a neutral court. In plain words, we should suffer in the daily conduct of negotiations, if we could no longer use the open or tacit threat of war. That may well be our real reason, but it is not for public use. For that purpose we commonly quote the Dominions. They object to universal and obligatory arbitration, because one can never be quite sure where a court will draw the line between matters of purely domestic concern and matters of international concern. The latter alone are justiciable, but suppose, for example, that a dispute between Australia and Japan, arising out of some question of emigration, were held to be of international concern? Over emigration, the Dominions will not arbitrate. And, accordingly, the Quaker Empire will take no oath and give no promise. But it has, as most of us guess and some of us know, another objection to all-in arbitration, which is by no means Quakerlike. The British Admiralty dreads arbitration, because it is painfully aware that no neutral court would accept its view of what is legitimate in the conduct of a blockade, back its reading of the right of visit and search, or sanction its wide interpretation of contraband. In plain words, obligatory arbitration would end the traditional British command of the seas.

Liberals, needless to say, are uneasy over the Empire's attitude to arbitration. They suggest that we should sign the "optional clause," reserving matters connected with emigration and sea-law in time of war. One may question, however, whether, after reservations so wide, any drastic measure of disar-

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mament would follow. For what percentage of Japan's naval armaments do questions of emigration account? Or with what proportion of her naval tonnage would the United States dispense, if sea-law were excluded from arbitration?

It is possible to assemble answers more or less convincing to most of these British objections. The Protocol, in any event, was a draft, which is capable of amendment. It may be true that it would have pledged us to the defense of distant and dubious frontiers. But it would have left us free to decide on the extent of our participation. When it is urged that this promise to defend a doubtful frontier would stereotype injustice, the answer is obvious. Even unjust frontiers must not be altered by resort to private war. The real evil is not so much that there are some bad frontiers in the world: it is rather that the League has no adequate power to change them. But the disposition to agree to some revision of frontiers will come about, only as we develop our international organization. When frontiers cease to be important, no one will have any strong objection to revision, and, equally, no one will have any overwhelming motive to demand or compel revision. Every advance towards free or freer trade tends to make frontiers unimportant. Every extension of the operations of international trusts across frontiers tends to break them down. The decline of militarism would also diminish the importance of frontiers. The strategic argument would disappear, nor would one regret a decrease in the yearly contingent of conscripts. Finally, when autonomy in its cultural life is granted to every numerous racial minority in Europe, there will be less temptation to irredentism. Frontiers, in short, will be obliterated as international organization advances. The merit of the Protocol is precisely that it marks a long step forward toward international government.

That Tories should dislike it is intelligible and inevitable. That Liberals (or Socialists of Mr. Snowden's moderate school) should oppose it, is much less easy to understand. Their position is, apparently, that the road of advance lies through disarmament. This, argues Mr. Snowden, must come first. Security and arbitration will follow. "When there is no longer the means to do ill deeds, ill deeds will not be done." That is, it seems to me, a simple-minded view. Why should any power disarm, until it has the assurance that others will resort to arbitration? Ought any nation to disarm until the world provides the organization by which its just grievances may be redressed by peaceful means? Disarmament is conceivable only in a world which has first organized justice, and provided for coöperative defense.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

I Paraded

AS SOON as we received word in Provincetown on Friday, August 19, of the adverse decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, I prepared to set out to make my individual protest against what I considered the injustice of that decision. It seemed likely that men were about to be jailed for the expression of their opinion. I, holding the same opinion, wished too to be in jail.

News comes to Provincetown slowly. It was not until noon that we learned the decision. I completed the arrangements I had made to leave my restaurant in competent hands. With the help of friends I made the sandwich board I was to wear. We printed on the front, in the largest black type possible in the space afforded, the words: *Open the files, Mr. Sargent, for Sacco and Vanzetti.* The back bore the legend: *America cannot look the world in the face if Sacco and Vanzetti are murdered.* For a friend who was to accompany me on the first stage of the journey we made a sandwich board asking: *Massachusetts! Are you so sure?* and begging people to: *Protest for Sacco and Vanzetti before too late.*

At four o'clock I was ready. I carried a satchel containing what seemed to me the barest essentials for several nights away from home. I was in doubt about taking my red rain-coat, as the oilcloth sandwich boards would, of course, protect me from the rain. However, I would need the coat to spread over the damp ground during my rests by the roadside, so I included it among the essentials.

Afoot, and far from light-hearted, I took to the open road. It had seemed impossible that I should really do such a thing—I, who have always shunned publicity, I who, less than a week before, had written to a friend: "Do not be afraid that I will insist upon picketing. Having no exhibitionist complex, I do not yearn to be arrested." Yet here I had deliberately "made a guy" of myself and exposed myself upon the King's Highway, a target for the eyes of all men.

I felt the time had come to cast aside petty notions of personal dignity. The time had come for me, at least, when the only question was: "How can I most effectively, without regard for my comfort or safety or vanity, convey to the greatest number of people how I feel about this shameful case?" Personally, I had no hope of saving the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti. Shocking as their judicial murder was, shocking as death in any form is and must be, I realized that more was at stake than the lives of two men. I have attended many Anarchist meetings, read Anarchist literature, associated intimately

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with Anarchists, and I have never heard violence advocated, either openly or covertly. But the almost unanimous cry of the citizens of the state of Massachusetts, as expressed by the householders along almost fifty miles of one of her most popular highways, is for unmitigated and appalling violence. During the walk from Provincetown to Dennis, I met with just three expressions of sympathy. Outside Eastham, a gentleman of pronounced oriental appearance, who was walking along the road with his little boy, said: "Good for you," with a sincere and gentle smile. Later, a car with a Rhode Island license plate slowed down beside me, and the gentleman who was driving said: "That's a fine thing you are doing." Then a car on the opposite side of the road stopped and the driver (a gentleman) called out: "Well, I'm glad to see there are some people left in the world with common sense." The phrasing rather flabbergasted me, as I considered that I had discarded common sense along with the lesser dignities.

The concurrence of public sentiment in Massachusetts, as expressed along this representative stretch of her territory, is for hanging as the method of capital punishment rather than electrocution. This is to be applied not only to Sacco and Vanzetti, but to all their friends. Sometimes shooting is advocated, though this, as I understand it, is to be left in the hands of the individual. This may be interpreted as a praiseworthy desire to effect economy for the state by dispensing with the services of judge and jury. It is curious to note that the lady riding in her car and the householder running down to the road through her quaint old-fashioned garden alike yearn for a shotgun. "If I had a shotgun in the house [or in the car] I'd show you what I'd do," was repeatedly called out to me. Isn't the shotgun obsolete? Wouldn't these ladies be more effective with a daintily constructed machine-gun of modern make?

It is interesting to record that only once was I admonished to "go back home and wash the dishes." Times have changed. It is only a few years since the suffragettes were continually reminded of the intimate details of their duty to husband and baby, whether these individuals existed or not. But so far as public opinion is concerned, it is evident that woman's place is no longer exclusively the home.

When I arrived at Boston, I went to the Bellevue Hotel, to the headquarters of the Citizen's National Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti, and then to 11 Beach Street, the headquarters of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, where I found some familiar faces. I learned that all licenses to speak on Boston Common had been revoked for the day.

I started to paste on my slicker the words, *Save Sacco and Vanzetti.* A comrade ("comrade" was the spontaneous term by which we all addressed each other) asked me if I wanted him to do the lettering for me. I stood up with the slicker on and he lettered the words we had chosen across my shoulders. There was plenty of good space left, so we asked underneath: *Is Justice dead?*

Each of us, it was felt, must abrogate all personal feeling and be arrested at the time when it would do the most good. There was no opposition to this. I explained that I need not deny myself in the matter, as I was in a position to go the limit. No one was dependent on me, I had no pressing debts, I was free of all cumbering responsibility and prepared to take the consequences of any activity in which I might participate. My status being established, I left the rest of them to decide what their next move should be. I went out, wearing the slicker, and turned toward Boston Common. I walked up the path to the band stand, and circled it. Crowds of people were seated there, and I wished them to see the legend on the back of my rain coat. Practically all the benches were filled. I passed policemen, men in naval or military uniform, men and women of all the different types one sees in a public park of a Sunday afternoon. I heard no audible comment, though there was often an inarticulate buzz behind me. But after the loud and raucous shouts of the open road, the voice of Boston was gentle and subdued.

A hill attracted me to my right, and I turned toward it. There was a "sheet of water" which reminded me of the Serpentine, and I wondered if in Hyde Park, too, the right of free speech had been suspended. In the distance I saw an elm tree, and under it, a policeman. I did not reach him; he reached me first. He signalled to another uniformed officer, and to a plain-clothes man, and said: "Take her off the Common as soon as you can."

They turned me about, one holding either arm, and we started back whence I had come. Almost immediately they were relieved by two mounted policemen. They walked their horses along the path, I walked between them.

The appearance of the two horses attracted immediate attention. Camera-men sprang up out of the earth. A crowd gathered at the edge of the broad path to see what it was all about. As I passed and the back of my coat was seen, there were cries of *Viva Sacco e Vanzetti!* and the clapping of hands. This came in alternating waves. As I passed a space, a given space, it died down, to be raised as the back of the coat became visible at the next point. It was impressive by the very fact of its moderation.

At the edge of the Common I was handed over to Policeman 442 and to a plain-clothes man. Whether these were my original two or not, I do not know. I was taken to the "box" across the street. The hand of the plain-clothes man was shaking perceptibly on my right arm. I asked him why he was nervous, and he regained control of himself.

After the alarm had been sent in at the box, Officer 442 turned to his superior officer and asked:

"What charge shall I make?"

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"Never mind that. Just lock her up," was the answer.

The jangling "wagon" arrived, and I was escorted to it by my two policemen, plain and fancy. I may remark that neither at this time, nor at any previous or succeeding time, did I hear any "hoots or jeers." I correct myself. There were many jeers during the hours that followed, but all that I heard were from the police.

Arrived at the station I was questioned as to my name and address, age, etc., and told that though I was not under arrest I would not be permitted to leave the place until the police saw fit. It was explained to me by a gentleman in mufti who was afterward identified as the captain of Precinct Four that the police had protected me from howling mobs who were about to string me to a tree. I said I heard no such threat. Perhaps I had acquired a deaf spot for it. Also, I made it clear to him that I felt I was being unlawfully detained, and asked that he release me.

This he would not do, he said, unless I promised to remove the red slicker and not return to the Common. I asked him if either of these demands could be lawfully enforced upon me, and he admitted they could not. I said that in that case I would make no promise, that I should certainly continue to wear the slicker and should in all probability return to the Common.

It was quite comfortable in this back room. There was a basin, on the edge of which lay an empty pint flask, and I was allowed unlimited drinking water. The difficulty of getting water to drink had already bothered me on my walk on the Cape, but I was yet to learn the inconvenience of being actually refused water. I was slightly embarrassed by the fact that men in various stages of *déshabille* were constantly going in and out of the room, but about that, too, I was to learn more later.

Meantime, a group of people had been brought into the outer, or reception room. A man was brought into the back room and told to sit beside me. He was a Negro. I did not recognize him at first, but he remembered having seen me at Beach Street. He, too, was being held, although he was not under arrest. He was not treated as courteously as I was. There seemed to be a tendency on the part of the policemen passing through the room to obstruct his freedom of movement. If he was sitting down, he was told roughly to get up. The next moment he might be commanded to "sit down, there."

Presently they again asked that I promise not to return to the Common and not to wear the slicker. I was told that if any disorder resulted from my appearance the police would prefer a charge against me of inciting to riot. I waited patiently a little longer for developments, then I told the officer who seemed to be in charge of me that I would wait until five, at which time I would leave. I explained clearly to him my realization of the fact that I was being detained unlawfully, and asked him to convey my ultimatum to the captain. Within a few minutes I was talked to by a large man who was deferentially referred to as Superintendent Crowley. The room was cleared of all but one officer during this interview. Superintendent Crowley, I am sorry to say, made entirely the wrong approach in his conversation with me. He said:

"Now it would be too bad for a nice looking young lady like you to get into any trouble that might get her on the books here."

I am, of course, not a particularly young lady, and have never considered myself nice looking. Anyway, all that seemed beside the point. Mr. Crowley went on to explain the kind paternalism of the police in taking me into custody. He said there were many American Legion men on the Common who, according to his story, had expressed their desire to "tie me to a tree." It seemed to me unfair for him to make any such statement about the Legion, and of my own knowledge there was nothing to substantiate it. Also he said that "Boston was full of Irish Catholic boys, young hoodlums who will be sure to try to do you harm if you go on the streets wearing that slicker." This also seemed unfair to me. Neither statement was borne out by the facts, of course. I wore the slicker openly on the streets of Boston all day Monday during the hours that I was free, and in jail while I was incarcerated, and was in no wise molested or threatened.

Mr. Crowley then started to argue with me. "What *good* do you expect to do by it?" he asked disputatiously. I told him that certainly no good could be accomplished by our discussing the case under those conditions. We were already inclining to be acrimonious and personal. He could judge, I said, that I was not acting except from a deep personal conviction. As to the fact that he thought violence might ensue as the result of my activities, even that could not deter me. At times like these we can only do what we feel to be right, and let the event take care of itself.

Then he said he would have to detain me. The paternal arm of the police was tightening.

"You mean you detain me illegally, against my will, and by force?" I asked him.

"If necessary, by force," he replied.

I then rose and started to leave the room, upon which he rose, and, placing his hand upon my left arm, reseated me. Technically, force had been used to detain me, and our position was now clear.

I asked if I might telephone to a committee member, Mrs. Henderson, in order that someone should know of my whereabouts. He agreed to this. Mrs. Henderson was not in the hotel. I was given a wire to the Citizens' National Committee rooms and explained to whomever answered the phone that I was being held at La Grange Street.

Our attorney presently arrived, and withdrew with the Captain. He returned, and said that it was his advice that I capitulate for the night. It

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was by then half past six; my protest had registered; no further good would be accomplished by going back to the Common. Of course, I immediately took his advice.

Next day, Monday, August 22, we were to picket the State House. From the Science Auditorium, where we gathered, we went up Tremont Street, through the Common to the corner of Beacon, turned, and started past the State House. The picket line was off. Soon we were given the warning. We might walk as we were doing for seven minutes, then, if we persisted, we would be placed under arrest. Orderly, slowly, for the most part silently, the line continued to walk and to grow.

Finally the moment came for arrest. I believe the first of us had been walking slightly more than seven minutes. Certainly many of the people in the line had been walking much less than that, some of them not more than a couple of minutes. Alfred Baker Lewis and I, with a plain-clothes man holding the arm of each, led the march down the steep hill to the Joy Street police station. He was booked first, then I. We were all taken into what I came to know as the squad room, the common meeting room of the officers, the place where they assemble to go on duty, where they read and chat and spend their leisure. The room was filthy even at that hour. I understand that later its condition and that of the cells beyond became most revolting.

Spontaneously we started to sing—the men in the cell room and women outside. We sang both "John Brown's Body" and "Solidarity" to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." And I, who cannot sing, sang those lines from the original song:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> As he died to make men holy let us die to make men free!

We were asked to cease, since there were officers sleeping upstairs. We were told they had been on duty all night, were exhausted, and must have their rest. Some of us who were Anglo-Saxons seemed to think that, since we were gathered for a solemn purpose, our singing was out of place. I did not feel that way. Our joy and jubilation, and the expression of it in song, were perfectly natural. If anyone was justified that day in being glad, the people who had registered their protest against what they considered injustice at the expense of their personal comfort, liberty, and perhaps safety were justified.

As the lunch hour came and passed, there was considerable anxiety and interest expressed as to when we were to eat. Also, the matter of thirst became troublesome. A woman asked me if I could get her a drink. Early in the period of detention some officer had brought up a cup (no, dipper) of water. This dipper reposed in the corner on the floor on top of a pile of rumpled papers. I took it to the sink in the corner of the cell room. The men there called out a greeting when they saw me. We cried together *"Viva Sacco e Vanzetti!"* They told me they had a stool pigeon in their midst, and we agreed that that was to be expected.

I took the water first to the woman who had asked me for it, and then offered it to another who inquired: "Is it sanitary?" I assured her that it was not, and she refused to drink. She said she was always very careful about such things. I advise people who are very careful, or choosey, or squeamish in any way, not to get arrested. Only those who feel themselves strongly provided with antibodies should take the risks involved.

Our number was being constantly augmented. Steadily the arrests were being made. An officer said to another in a pathetic, puzzled tone: "There's not a good-looking girl in the bunch." This idea was expressed later to Frank Shay in more picturesque and forceful phraseology.

A girl asked the officer who was bringing her in some question. His reply rang out: "What the hell do you think this is? A public meeting?"

"You're damn' right it is," I retorted. "It's one of the most public meetings ever held in Boston."

That was the only time my hot temper, for which I am notorious, asserted itself.

Shortly after that a group of men were taken, as we understood it, to be bailed out. Then another group was called, myself among them. We were taken to a room to the right of the entrance to the jail. A number of people were there. I recognized Mr. Lewis and Mary Donovan.

The form of the bail release was read to me. I looked a question at Mr. Lewis and he nodded. I signed the bail release and asked him what to do next.

"Go and try to get bail for the others," he said.

"I have just $840," said Miss Donovan, "and they're asking twenty-five dollars bail."

At the headquarters of the Citizens' National Committee there was considerable surprise at the knowledge that so many were already in jail. I asked for a friend of mine, who appeared as by magic in the doorway. But she had used up all her money and was unable to help us. Later, another friend came to our rescue.

That night—the night of the twenty-second of August—Frank Shay and I left a meeting of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers and walked to the State House and through the Common. Everything was quiet. There were a few lights in the State House. Was Governor Fuller still there? We did not know. I had come to Boston in response to a telegram which asked me specifically to "picket the State House . . . until the hour of execution." That I would do. I would picket the State House as nearly as I could until the hour of execution. We went back to headquarters to tell them what we were doing, and then returned to the Common.

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We carried no placards: my slicker made that unnecessary. We walked slowly to that northeast corner of Beacon Street where the picket line had started in the morning, crossed the street, and walked the entire length of the block in front of the State House a couple of times. Perfect quiet. A crowd on the Common. Police, of course, but no interference. Lights in the State House windows here and there. Perhaps we would be permitted to walk indefinitely? No. We were given the warning. Seven minutes, and we would be placed under arrest. We closed in then, made our walk shorter. Right in front of the gate at the last. The great triple searchlights played on us and on the Common. Quiet.

The seven minutes were up. We were arrested. We were told that "now we would have to spend the night in jail, as there would be no one to bail us out." We replied that we quite understood that.

Back to Joy Street, where we were committed. Here my slicker was at last taken from me, together with a book I was carrying. It was Dos Passos' "Facing the Chair." The contents of my purse, carefully assembled for the occasion, were turned out on the desk—handkerchiefs, comb, powder and powder-puff and lip-stick, fountain pen, a couple of stamped envelopes and a few sheets of paper, cigarettes and matches. Chlorate of potash in lieu of a toothbrush. No nail file. You are not allowed nail files in jail.

"Very nice, Paula," said the officer, as he handed it back to me. I thanked him and repressed my slight flare of indignation at being called by my first name. I learned later that prisoners—female prisoners, at any rate—are generally addressed by their first names.

Then I said good night to Frank Shay and was taken in the rickety car to what the officers called "The Tombs."

Arrived, I was turned over to the matron. We went through a barred door into an office, through a rather pleasantly furnished room—evidently the matron's sitting-room—through another barred door into the cell-room. My purse was taken away and I was searched in a very sketchy manner. The matron simply passed her hand over my arms and down the sides of my body. She asked me if I had any concealed weapons, and I answered in the negative.

Then I was locked into cell Number One. It is a double cell, with bunks on two sides, a bench table and the necessary toilet fixture on the third side. The bunks are, I should say, thirty inches wide, and have mattresses which are covered with a white sheet. Wads of dark brown blankets lay on them. At the base of the cell door (composed of perpendicular iron bars) was a small opening like a cat gate. The lights were left on all night. However, the cells directly opposite were unoccupied, so I was not oppressed by the shocking lack of privacy.

Twelve o'clock struck from some near-by clock. From twelve to twelve-thirty I was alone. Then I took off my shoes and dress, rolled up a blanket for a pillow, and lay down to sleep.

I was awakened by someone coming to the cell-door and telling me that one of my friends was outside, and had arranged to bail me out. I put on shoes and dress and was taken into the outer office. Outside the bars sat a lady whom I had never seen before. I told her that I had not expected to be bailed out, that I was quite all right where I was, especially as I had made no arrangements as to where I should spend the night. She said that she would take me home to Cambridge with her, and begged me not to refuse bail. It seemed to me an unimportant point to make an issue of. I did not want to be discourteous to the lady who had so kindly come to get me out. After all, the significant hour had been passed where I desired to pass it.

I signed a paper and my purse was returned to me. But it seemed that I was not yet free to go. The bail commissioner must release me. He had been telephoned to some time before, but had not yet arrived.

So we sat and chatted. I learned that Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti had gone to their death without wavering. The matrons reassured us about Powers Hapgood, under observation "for possible psychopathological condition," saying: "You needn't feel sorry for him. He is where he will be well taken care of."

I became overpoweringly sleepy. I begged the lady from Cambridge to go home and not to bother about me, especially as I had to appear at nine-thirty on the original picketing charge, and I learned from the matron that those cases were to be tried in the building where I then was. It was the wisest, the simplest, the most common-sensible thing. So I was readmitted to my cell. This time they left me my purse.

In the morning I was up early, before seven o'clock. I was taken to the sink at the end of the room to wash. There were two faucets, warm water, brown soap, paper towels. It was not at all bad. Back in my cell again, I was brought coffee and bread. The coffee, too, was not so bad. By not thinking of it as coffee, but as just a hot, oversweet liquid, I was able to drink it.

A little after nine I was taken up to the court-room with the five other women prisoners. The gentleman who admitted us to the dock said to me, "We'll deport all of ye before long, and this time we'll shove ye overboard."

That was slightly puzzling. Deportation to Chicago, I presume, and shoving overboard into Lake Michigan.

Various dull trials were conducted—traffic cases for the most part. At eleven o'clock there was a recess, and then Arthur Garfield Hays and other people came in with the six men and women of whom a test case was to be made. The officers who made the arrests accused them. Mr. Hays com-

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menced his defense. It sounded perfectly logical to me. He cited statutes, city ordinances, spoke of the duty of the police to carry out the law, not to make or to interpret it. But the presiding judge interrupted Mr. Hays. He said querulously that there was no use of Mr. Hays taking up more of the Court's time since he (the judge) had made up his mind as to the sentence. That rather surprised me. I had not known before that judges make up their minds about decisions before hearing a case tried.

Mr. Hays proceeded. Suddenly there was a flurry. Sentence had been pronounced without the usual formality, as I understand it, of asking the accused if they have anything to say before judgment is passed upon them. But justice was backwatered for a few minutes, and three of the prisoners—Miss Ellen Hayes, Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay and Miss Huntington—made statements. They were sentenced, pleaded not guilty, were fined ten dollars each, and appealed. At least that is the order in which I recollect these various things.

It was asked that the rest of the prisoners be tried in a block, that their fines be rescinded or at least made less heavy. Many of us had gone to great lengths of self-sacrifice by losing two days' work and risking the possible loss of our jobs. A fine would be a serious matter for many.

The judge was sympathetic, to the extent of fixing the remaining fines at five dollars each.

The rest of the defendants came into the room. I was impressed by the fact that the great bulk of the protestants, the arrested picketers, were workers, Italian and Jewish men and women who had left their shops at great personal inconvenience. The Anglo-Saxons, the intelligentsia, were represented by a pitiful minority.

One of our attorneys explained how matters stood: that six had been made test cases, that nothing was to be gained by the rest of us pleading not guilty, as such a plea would merely be a further expense to the defense. None of us desired to martyrize ourselves for no useful purpose, so we all pleaded guilty.

Then came the matter of paying the fines. Those who could afford it paid their own. Somehow, the fines of those who had no money were paid. We were once more free.

Later in the evening I went to Joy Street police station to get my slicker. I had conceived a great fondness for that slicker. But Sergeant Manning alone would be able to release it to me, and he was not in. I returned before train time the next morning. They gave me the slicker and asked me if I was going to wear it any more. I said it was too late to wear it now, and also made the remark, in answer to a question, that I was going home.

"That's good," said a man sitting at Sergeant Manning's right. "Go away and don't come back. We don't want you in Boston."

PAULA HOLLADAY.

Washington Notes

I DO not pretend to be a seer, but it does seem to me that this refreshing contest for the Republican presidential nomination, made possible by the renunciation of the noble Calvin, is gradually narrowing down to two men—Mr. Dawes on the one hand, Mr. Hoover on the other. This, of course, may be all wrong, and the hand of God, guided by Mr. Mellon, whose hand in turn is guided by the patriotic politicians of Pennsylvania, including the much abused Mr. Vare, may pick some other, more winsome and bendable member of his party for the presidency. That, of course, may happen, but it is a fact that, as things stand today, the friends of Mr. Dawes, who are energetically working under cover, are convinced that Mr. Hoover is the man they have to beat, and the friends of Mr. Hoover, who, with even more energy and not as much cover, are enthusiastically at work for him, are just as firmly convinced that Mr. Dawes is the man they have to beat. If the judgment of these gentlemanly advocates of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dawes is well based, it eliminates as real contenders for the prize both the erudite and revered Mr. Hughes and that sturdy friend of the farmer, Governor Lowden, reducing the real list of Republican availables from the four who have been starred in the newspapers since the strong, silent man so delicately withdrew, to two.

I must confess that the political reasoning to substantiate this conclusion is more or less impressive and, to me at least, seems wholly logical. It is, for instance, pretty clear that there is no way in which Mr. Hughes can be nominated unless he is "drafted," and certainly by this time it is plain to everybody that, if there is any drafting done at the 1928 convention, it will not be Mr. Hughes who is drafted. The failure of the New York Republican State Convention to endorse him, the known hostility toward him in the West, the lack of any serious sentiment for him in the East, the handicap of having led the party to defeat in 1916, and his own flat-footed declaration, made last May, that he was too old to run and would not accept the nomination—all these things combine, it seems to me, to insure Mr. Hughes an opportunity to continue the lucrative practice of law in New York and Washington, without being bothered by politics. He is in a position where he could not accept a call from his party unless it came in a way of which there is not the remotest possibility. Personally, I feel rather sorry that Mr. Hughes let the movement for him get under way some weeks ago. Now that it has gone into reverse, it must be admitted there seems a certain loss of dignity, and that fine air of aloofness and superiority is not nearly as convincing as it would have been had he, at the start, set his foot down hard instead of letting it be made apparent that there is no serious purpose on the part of the leaders to call him and no wide-spread public demand for his selection.

Now, as to Mr. Lowden, I find that no one in Washington thinks there is the least chance of his nomination. Not that there is no Lowden sentiment—because there is—but it is wholly a sectional sentiment confined to eleven western states constituting the Corn Belt, and wholly non-

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existent in the East. The Mellon interests will not, I am told, ever agree to the Lowden selection; and for several fairly good reasons. One is that they thoroughly abhor his McNary-Haugen principles, and believe his election would put in control an element that would not only be dangerous to the country but, what is worse, dangerous to the political fortunes of those now in party ascendancy. Another reason is the conviction that it would be practically impossible to beat Smith in New York and New Jersey with Lowden. Still another is his age—he is a year older than Mr. Hughes. He is not, it is argued, the man to take the chance with: there are too many chances. He is a good man, but he won't do. That, I think, about expresses the feeling of the party personages here in Washington, who will have more weight than any others in the convention.

It is reasonable to inquire why the objections to Mr. Lowden on the score of McNary-Haugen and exclusively sectional sentiment do not also apply to Mr. Dawes. The answer made is that, while it is true that the Lowden strength in the West is also the Dawes strength, it is further true that the party leaders think Mr. Dawes more of a banker than a farmer and are convinced that when the banking influences and the farming interests clash, Mr. Dawes can be depended upon to incline toward the former. In a word, notwithstanding his fight for the equalization principle, and regardless of the pain he has from time to time given the noble Calvin, and despite his tirades against the Senate rules, and his vociferous methods and manners, the Old Guard wheel-horses believe at heart Mr. Dawes is one of them. Looking back over his career, considering his friendship for William Lorimer and his relations with the late Marcus Aurelius Hanna, I am inclined to believe they are right about it and that there is no danger from Dawes. The idea among the practical fellows in Washington is that at some stage in the convention proceedings the Lowden delegates, with Lowden's consent and coöperation, will become Dawes delegates, and the Pennsylvania-New York group will then have to decide whether to swing to Hoover or Dawes. That they will have the power to nominate whichever one they select goes, I think, without saying.

There are two other possibilities, in neither one of which do I take a great deal of stock. One of these is the ultimate side-tracking of all the conspicuous candidates and the selection of a dark horse. The other is in the drafting of the noble Calvin. The difficulty about the dark-horse selection is that there are no dark horses—at least none that does not limp too badly to make a race. Look the list over—Willis and Fess of Ohio, Curtis of Kansas, Bill Thompson or Deneen of Illinois, Norris of Nebraska. The moment you mention these names, the impossibility of their selection is too obvious to make argument necessary. Leave them, and the next group is too obscure for serious consideration.

As to the drafting of Mr. Coolidge, as to the convention's getting in a snarl that will force the party to turn to him and force him to run again, there are so many reasons why that cannot and will not be done, that there is not space here to enumerate them. While it is true some of the more emotional among the office-holders and, of course, the unfortunate New England *entourage,* still plot and ponder as to how the trick can be turned, those capable of clear and coherent thought have no such dreams. It is an interesting situation, and during the months to come I look for many diverting developments. For the first time in eight years, the opportunity is presented within the Grand Old Party for a good, old-fashioned, soul-satisfying scramble, with all the trading, dickering, dealing, jobbery and jugglery so dear to the true political heart. For seven long years under this tight-lipped, cold, colorless New England group, there has been no fun at all in Republican politics for the practical professors. If anyone thinks that, now they have thrown off the restraint of a regime which was forced on them by Fate, and they have always at heart resented, they will voluntarily insist on its retention, then all I have to say is he has a different feeling about the professors from mine.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Green Bay Tree

The House of Women, a dramatization by Louis Bromfield of his novel "The Green Bay Tree." Maxine Elliott's Theater, October 3, 1927.

THE chief and best thing to be said about Mr. Louis Bromfield's earlier novel, "The Green Bay Tree," is that it is carried through very much *con amore.* It essays, and with genuine gusto, great themes: an old woman's life, high and cynical, crossing the lives of her two daughters, one of them nun-like, the other glowing with sensuous beauty, in a grand house where the factories of a new age crowd the ancient gates, remarkable passions that go still to the fascinating, loved and hated dead man, John Shane, not to speak of themes like the changes in ideas, politics, fashions, tyrants, Europe, Rotarians, America, the War, a battle, life in France, an illegitimate child that is the fruit of its mother's curiosity about life and a politician's animal fires, and so on and so on.

It is a romantic, realistic novel built on enthusiasm and on the methods familiar in literary schools, that range from the patient, abounding detail of Arnold Bennett to some of the old-style glamors of De Morgan—though Mr. Bromfield may have read much or little in either of these particular instances. About all this there is a certain engaging current, if you like; "The Green Bay Tree" may very likely be passable reading. But the sum total is perfectly unimportant; the galaxy of themes, motivations and characters is never created; the book has nothing of reality to it, not as actual transcription of the day, social record or human detail, nor as prismatic fantasy or romance.

The play that the author has somewhat too casually struck out from his book limits itself to the crux of the three women in the house, as their lives work out inside each one of them and in relation to the other two. It changes the labor leader of "The Green Bay Tree" to an emancipated preacher, and with him and the politician as the two men for the two daughters, it goes on to the departure of the nun daughter, the matching up the labor-loving parson

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with the beautiful, spirited Lily Shane, and the death of the old woman. On this main theme, however, the focus established by the dramatist is very loose indeed; the effect is too often one of getting the novel's business done; we are always learning things and rarely seeing them come alive. The lines are often pointless for the theater; the essential lack of creation in the novel appears now in their continued lack of any living rhythm or infectious beat; they often merely defeat the players trying to say them. Some of the scenes are not written at all: the supper at the end of the second act, for example, where there is a crisis in the turn of the play, has no edge and apparently no stage intention. You feel that Mr. Bromfield, safe in the casual comforts of fiction writing, does not even suspect the glaring finalities of the theater art.

Nevertheless, there are fine places in "The House of Women," such as the sister's frantic prayer at the curtain of the first act, or the death of Julia Shane in the last. And there are two things most interesting to observe, one of them to the credit of the theater, one to Mr. Bromfield's. The first is the way in which things that are third-rate on the printed page of a novel become second-rate when created in terms of acting, voices, footlights, audience. The second is the richness of texture, so far above the average drama, that the presence of ideas and complicated emotions lends to "The House of Women."

Miss Nance O'Neill gives a performance of old Julia Shane such as, I fancy, nobody else on our stage could give. She achieves the style, remoteness and force without which the role would drop into mediocrity. At times Miss O'Neill is not quite in the needed *rapport,* she does not seem to flow into the scene about her. But this is rather due to the lines, I think, than to her. Her last act is superb; her presence, all through, beautiful and dominant. Miss Elsie Ferguson in the lustrous part of Lily, so impassioned with the loveliness and call of life, plays sincerely, though in much too low a key and without the needed gamut of mood and the brilliance that the text implies. Miss Helen Freeman has charged the figure of Irene, the suppressed, the frantic, the hysterical, with an import and drama quite beyond the play. Her portrayal was admirable all through, and not the least in a matter rarely studied among our actors: her figure and costumes were made to carry the dramatic idea a long way; the girlish outline in the first act, the flaring bust and looseness in the second, the slender body drawn tightly into its black gown in the third, were all the result of significant study and thought. As the preacher and the politician, Mr. Curtis Cooksey and Mr. Walter Abel seem to me miscast.

The appearance of the players all through the evening was greatly dissipated by Mr. Jones' lighting. He has evidently followed a course much too common among the better designers for the stage, of lighting for the scene perhaps, and letting the actors get on as best they can. Such blurring in the case of Miss O'Neill might do, perhaps, since shadows are a part of that tragic image of old Julia Shane. But Miss Elsie Ferguson, whose beauty is proverbial, might have been anyone else for any light that came from her. At the supper scene, where so much of the drama turns on Lily's exquisite and glowing spell, I saw under the eyebrows no immortal eyes but only drab shadows, and around the throat gray hollow tones. An artist like Mr. Jones must have thought much on this point, but what the theory is would be hard to discover. He is not such as thinks the stage must duplicate the actuality of life; and if he were, we should need only to say that our mere seeing into Julia Shane's drawing room, by removing the fourth wall, makes the whole thing artifice at the start. If, on the other hand, the purpose of the dull lighting is to remove the players into the unreality that is art, it is equally clear that the heightened light on the actors' faces carries them quite as far away from actuality. And finally we confront the fact that, unless we must use the sheer dimness of the people on the stage for dramatic purposes—as we might in some other instance use their soundlessness—we can no more spare the expressiveness of the actor's mask than we can that of his voice, gesture or thought.

That set down, we can only go on to say that "The House of Women" affords us Mr. Robert Edmond Jones' return to our theater after a year's absence abroad and with his own thoughts. To my mind scenery has been falling away from people's attention and demands, these last two or three seasons, and a good thing too, since in most cases it has gone beyond its proper importance and has passed into an intrusion too agreeably costly and easy to achieve. But when the real thing comes our way, the argument almost disappears. This setting that Mr. Jones has created for "The House of Women" is exactly what no other decor in our theater could approach, not in its almost uncanny sympathy of relation to the dramatic mood of the play, nor in its distinction, taste and high style, nor in its penetrating excitement. That combination in "The House of Women" of moldings, panels, color and domestic furniture and ornament is such as shames every other designer of such scenes. Without hurting the play at any instance, such decor brings magnificence and dramatic passion to its world. It freshens and reanimates the theater in general, and makes those who love it love it so much that they cannot bear the stale, busy, empty forms of it to be seen on every side.

STARK YOUNG.

A Preface to Persius

THE other evening I had to dine alone, and, stopping in at a book store, bought a little eighteenth century edition of Persius, with notes and a translation. The editor and translator was a man named William Drummond, who had also been a member of parliament. The little duodecimo was bound in green morocco and stamped in gold, and inside the cover had gray marbled paper with green and yellow runnings. There was a medallion of Persius, with crisp metallic curls, on the title-page, and the whole volume, with the edges of its pages gilded on all three sides and its small clear black type, had the aspect of a little casket in which something precious was intended to be kept.—I went to an Italian restaurant and, while I was waiting for the *antipasto,*

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began to read the preface: "In offering to the public a new English version of Persius, my object has rather been to express his meaning clearly, than either to translate his words literally, or to copy his manner servilely. The sentiments of this satirist are indeed admirable, and deserve to be better known than they are; but his poetry cannot be praised for its elegance, nor his language for its urbanity."

The plate arrived, with a glistening sardine, little purple olives, two pearly leeks, bronze anchovies and bright red tongue-like pimento slices, against a lining of pale lettuce; a bottle of yellow wine and a goblet of pale green glass. I wondered what had become of the sort of thing that this editor of Persius represented. In the middle of the room was a party of men and women, all pink and of enormous size, who were uncorking loud sour laughter; across the room was a quite pretty young girl, obviously of a simple nature, but with some sort of keen professional interest in pleasing a rather defective-looking half-aquiline man, whose eyes one couldn't see through his eyeglasses. Craning around behind me, however, I caught sight of E. E. Cummings. Cummings, I reflected, was a highly cultivated fellow and a good writer and came from Boston, but not a bit like William Drummond. For a point of view like William Drummond's which would have reproached the inelegance of Persius's poetry, yet applauded his admirable sentiments, one would have to go to our own eighteenth century literature—to Philip Freneau or Joel Barlow. But Drummond was a fancier of letters and a political figure at the same time—Jefferson might have thought and written so. Some of the logic, some of the elegance, some of the moderate and equable opinion which seemed to be the qualities—here found, as it were, almost in their pure state—of this preface to a classic had gone to the announcement of our national policies and the construction of our constitution. But new interests had taken over the government; and I had read that day of an example of their methods—the assault by state constabulary on a meeting of Italian miners—men clubbed into insensibility, children choked, the old beaten, a nursing woman knocked down. With the exception, I reflected, of the Italian waiters and Cummings, there was probably not a single person in the room who would not either approve this action or refuse to believe that it had occurred; and Cummings was as powerless to prevent its recurrence as the illiterate waiters. Perhaps the only element in sight which had anything in common with Drummond's sentiments about Persius was the Italian dinner itself, of which the bowl of *minestrone,* with its cabbage, brown beans and round noodles, had just reached me, and in the richness and balance of whose convention I could still see the standards of a civilization based on something other than commercial and industrial interests. Yet how many generations of Italians speaking English and competing with the natives would it take for them to forget their cooking and their ideal of a good dinner and to go in exclusively, as one already saw them beginning to do, for expensive à la carte restaurants with heterogeneous and uninteresting menus?

"The defects of Persius, considered with respect to composition, cannot perhaps be easily defended. Even Casaubon, his fondest admirer, and most successful interpreter, admits that his style is obscure. If, however, any apology can be made for this first sin against good writing, it is in the case of a satirist, and above all, of a satirist who dared to reprobate the crimes, and to ridicule the follies of a tyrant. If Persius be obscure, let it be remembered, he lived in the time of Nero. But it has been remarked, that this author is not obscure, only when he lashes and exposes the Roman emperor. It was very well, it has been said, to employ hints, and to speak in half sentences, while he censured the vices of a cruel and luxurious despot; but there could be no occasion for enveloping himself in obscurity, while he expounded the doctrines of the Stoics to his friend Cornutus, or expatiated to the poet Bassus on the true use of riches."—I looked up as the chicken and greens were being set down before me and saw Cummings, who had finished and was leaving. If they had felt that way about Persius, what would they have thought of Cummings? And what was the use of their having cultivated those standards, if Cummings was what the future had in store? He stopped at my table and I asked him where he had been during the summer. "I thought of going to Boston," he ejaculated, "to see the machine-guns!—we've all seen plenty of machine-guns!—commonest thing in the world!—so I walked around New York, expecting to be blown up any moment—be a fine thing to blow the subways up!—of course, my attitude toward this whole thing—I mean, it's just unfortunate—it's a bore, like somebody losing his pants—it's embarrassing, but it oughtn't to be a surprise to anybody—what surprises me is that they managed to stay alive for seven years!—why, I've seen them shoot people first and search them afterwards—and if they've got any bullets in them, they arrest them for carrying concealed weapons!" He slipped away with his spirited crest of hair and his narrow self-regarding eyes. I addressed myself to the salad. So Persius, under the moral anarchy of another despot, had, it seemed, expressed himself confusedly, inelegantly and obscenely. And it is Persius who is the writer and not the complacent Drummond, as it is Cummings and not the persons who publish books on American poetry. Where life is disorderly, the poets express themselves in nonsense. I had looked at the beginning of Persius—*"O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!"*—and it seemed to me entirely in the modern spirit.

I read on in the preface.—"While, therefore, I fully admit the charge of obscurity, which has been brought against Persius, I cannot allow to it that weight, which it would have in most other cases. Indeed, we may as well complain of the rust on an ancient coin, as of the obscurity of an ancient satire. Nature, it is true, always holds up the same mirror, but prejudice, habit, and education, are continually changing the appearance of the objects seen in it. The objections which have been made to my author in some other respects, are more difficult to answer. His unpolished verses, his coarse comparisons, and his ungraceful transitions from one subject to another, manifest, it is said, either his contempt or his ignorance of elegant composition. It cannot, indeed, be contended, that Persius displays the politeness of Horace, or that he shows himself an adept in the *callida junctura.* His poetry is a

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strong and rapid torrent, which pours in its infracted course over the rocks and precipices, and which occasionally, like the waters of the Rhone, disappears from view, and loses itself underground."—Yes: like Cummings's poems and conversation. Yet, Drummond had his poetry, too: "the rust on an ancient coin"—"a strong and rapid torrent, which pours in its infracted course"—and it appeared that he was, after all, sympathetic with Persius and had earnestly undertaken to defend him against the taste of the time. That was the paradox of literature: provoked only by the anomaly of reality, by its discord, its chaos, its pain, it attempted, from poetry to metaphysics, to impose some order on that chaos, to render that pain acceptable, to resolve that discord—to strike some permanent mark of the mind on the mysterious flux of human experience which escapes beneath the hand. So Persius, poised on the abyss of the coming collapse of the Empire—for whom the criticism of the satirist, the philosophy of the Stoic—at the least, the hexameter itself—are all ways of introducing, even for so "inelegant" a poet, some logic and some meaning into the obscure struggles of men to adjust themselves to the universe. Then, as it were relieving the poet, the critic shoulders those horrors, those surprises, those catastrophes, those disturbing problems of reality—he picks up the poet's verses all twisted where the lightning has struck, and, like Drummond, he carries them further to where there is leisure and tranquillity enough for him to point out what form and what consistency the poet had tried to give them, to supply by his own judicial comments the straightness and the soundness which they lack. Yet, below that sky of eighteenth century order, he too has felt the shock of reality—the reality of the dullness of a rusted ancient coin, of the turbulence of a river. For without the impulse from reality, neither criticism nor poetry nor any other human work can be valid.

I had finished the apple, the Brie cheese and the black demi-tasse, and I turned to the book again: "I cannot conclude this Preface, without lamenting that an early and untimely death should have prevented the Poet, whom I have translated, from giving a more finished appearance to his works."—How extraordinary that Drummond should have felt this solidarity with Persius and that, across the ruin of Rome, across Charlemagne and Frederick Barbarossa, across the Middle Ages, he should lament his early death like that of some able and distinguished young man whom he had known in his own time in London, of like education with his own and sharing with him the same values. The discord and chaos of reality! Here, from the point of view of civilization, the whole of Europe had caved in—the geographical gulf had been too big for Rome to excavate decently and make the cellar for its great state house. And then, when the seed which had been ploughed under had been blown abroad again and everywhere there was to be found such a class as had once flourished only on the Mediterranean, a class to whom Persius could speak as he did to Drummond, as to men of the same breeding and views, who held essentially the same assumptions as to how life should be lived—when this had been achieved, when that geographical gulf had been bridged, there still gaped a social gulf below the class to which Drummond belonged and into that gulf, even while he wrote—the book was dated 1797—Europe heavily and dully sank, not without some loud crackings of her structure. America, in a sense, was that gulf.

I had finished the bottle of wine, which was certainly better than they had had last year—they were really bent, I felt, on improving the quality of their wine. How much, I wondered, was it due to the wine that I now myself felt warmed by this sense of solidarity with the dead, with Drummond and Persius, by this spirit of fortitude? Suppose that the federal agents should actually succeed in suppressing these restaurants where wine was served. These restaurants were run by Italians and it was against Italians that the machine-guns were trained and the police incited to butchery. In the meantime, there was nothing to do except to work with the dead for allies, and against the ignorance of most of the living, that that edifice, so many times begun and so dismayingly reduced to ruins, might yet stand as the headquarters of humanity!—I left the restaurant in meditation, but on my way out was heavily barged into by a pair of the loud-laughing pink people who were dancing to the radio.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Can Liberals Do?

SIR: From your short discussion of the miners' strike, in your issue of September 7, page 56, I quote: "... *ad infinitum* ... unless enough people rise to the height of understanding that [this circle of strikes] does not work." On page 58, speaking of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, you say: "They [the liberals] cannot join, cannot permit," etc.

I would like you to tell me what they can do, in fact. We are incensed at this and we are incensed at that. We feel the injustice of things, but now tell us in simple language what we can do about it all. There are undoubtedly large numbers of people over-anxious to show their love for this country and mankind in general, and ready to aid what is right and oppose what is wrong. But how to go about it—tell us that. Whenever there is an appeal for money, we send what we can; whenever there is an appeal for letters, telegrams, or signatures to petitions, we do our part—but where do we get, and what else can we do?

Now, in connection with the miners' strike, what can we do to stop this *"ad infinitum"*?

You say the liberals "cannot permit." Exactly how are we going to "not permit"? It reads well, but beyond telling our neighbors that "we will not permit it" or writing to Governor Fuller that "we will not permit it"—where does it get us? ...

There is only one way, it seems, and that is for more and more people to write and work as you do, but they need money for that, they need support, they need readers and subscribers, and in the present state of mind prevailing in this country, how are you going to get people to think long enough in order to subscribe to your paper?

Then comes Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel and he says: "The way is to uncover the Thing." Very nice phrase, and I am willing to uncover it—but tell me how.

Mr. Editor, I am afraid that we are just facing a hopeless situation. What we really need, I believe, is a new religion, a new sense of morals, breaking through the crust of self-righteousness, Chambers of Commerce, Babbitts, Ku Klux Klans, etc., and I fear such a new religion, strong enough to break these crusts, can only come after a great deal of suffering, which alone can open the eyes of people to observe and their minds to think.

JOHN H. BERNHARD.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

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All America Juniors

The American Caravan, A Yearbook of American Literature. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. New York: The Macaulay Company. 843 pages. $5.

THE editors and publishers of "The American Caravan" are men of faith and courage. In July, 1926, they issued "a manifesto intended to reach all living American writers," calling for contributions to an enterprise which should counteract "the passive and recessive attitudes of the leading magazines toward new fields of reality," and offer "a medium able to accommodate a progressively broader expression of American life." They might have feared that their contributors would take advantage of the new medium only for the publication of second-rate work, unwanted by the magazines, not because it was bold, but because it was bad. Doubtless the editors had to winnow vigorously to dispose of this chaff. They have not entirely succeeded. In the case of certain writers of established position the contributions sometimes seem like perfunctory expressions of good will toward the enterprise made at little cost to the writer. But the "Caravan" finds its justification in its appeal to the young, the unpublished. Upon their offerings the editors must depend for the confirmation of their claim—that it represents "an affirmation of the health of the young American literature."

The first comment that suggests itself is that the word young must be taken in its American sense. In contemporary French literature, for example, *les jeunes* are people in the early twenties, some under twenty. In the United States, in view, for one thing, of the slowness of our educational process, the young are in the early thirties. The fact is attested by the present volume. Of seventy-two writers represented, thirty-seven were born in the decade of the eighteen nineties, ten earlier and eleven later. It is possible that the fourteen who are dateless remain so out of the modesty of extreme youth, or it may be otherwise. At all events, of the fifty-eight reporting, only twenty are under thirty years of age, and most of them not much.

The first question which the reviewer has to answer is one which the editors themselves raise by their title. A caravan is a collection of units in motion toward some common goal—"it moveth all together if it move at all." Does the present collection move, and if so, whither? To the answer the editors have interposed an obstacle by their eclectic attempt to have all departments of literature represented. For example, the five essays, more or less critical, are too few to admit of any conclusion as to American criticism, although Mr. Francis Fergusson on T. S. Eliot's theory of art calls attention to a highly significant influence. Similarly, the three or four examples of drama justify no conclusion, except as in substance and attitude they may be assimilated to fiction. Poetry and fiction are most largely represented, some forty in the former and twenty in the latter category—and no one will doubt that in both there are definite motive tendencies to be observed. It is true, in drawing conclusions applicable to American literature as a whole, one must discount the selective function of the editors. They necessarily act as a committee of union and progress. Their dedication of the book to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz is an announcement of the fact that they follow the teaching of a potent master. The Seven Arts Magazine, which represented the school, perished in the War; "The American Caravan" testifies to the vitality of the tradition in reviving it. The editors may feel gratified that so many vigorous talents have rallied to it, prepared to march under their banners.

The poetry of the volume, on the whole, represents actuality of material, genuineness of experience, and the subordination of form to substance, even to the point of eccentricity. Its range is enormous. But it must be confessed that the general impression is one of technical inadequacy. This may be due to the fact that the variety of the present collection is rather overpowering; one has hardly time to become accustomed to one mode before another succeeds it. This is probably one reason why so many of the poets in their selections fall below the expectations founded on their previously published volumes. And somehow, in spite of variety, there is a kind of uniformity, a sort of standardization of eccentricity. There are exceptions, but in general the narrative poems tend to diffuseness and dullness; the philosophic poems lack terseness; the lyrics, inevitability. There are, of course, the older poets—William Ellery Leonard, William Carlos Williams, John Gould Fletcher, Witter Bynner, Louis Untermeyer—who must be regarded as *hors concours*. Of the others, the "Reply from the Citadel" by Jean Starr Untermeyer stands out in its clean, deft workmanship, and Allen Tate's "Ode to the Confederate Dead," in the larger eloquence of its strophes. The real discovery is Josephine Strongin, the youngest of all the contributors to the volume, whose "Three Poems" are exquisite—charged with the truest and most appealing mysticism, that of youth, which so often vanishes before means of expression are found.

In prose there is also a group of the *hors concours*. Gertrude Stein contributes "Mildred's Thoughts," full of insinuating wit, and Ernest Hemingway "An Alpine Idyll," in his peculiar lounging, relaxed, observant style. Among the aspirants, the stories contributed by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, George O'Neil, Eric Walrond, Gertrude Diamant, Nathan Asch, Clarkson Crane, John Riordan, Morley Callaghan and Margery Latimer, and the dramatic sketches of Alter Brody and Paul Greene reveal tendencies of motion and direction common to them all. The most obvious of these tendencies is the cult of the primitive. They deal with people of limited minds, in the twilight of consciousness, children, backward races, paranoiacs and morons. This material is presented in some cases with a seriousness that is justified as a search for the reality behind the fact, which emerges in startling flashes; sometimes with a complacency that is merely amusing. These writers have also been to the same school: the master who has influenced them most, it would seem, is Sherwood Anderson. The similarity of material and point of view does not extend to the style. There is immense variety of imitation—echoes of James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ring Lardner, Thomas Hardy, George Moore haunt the reader. But there is also genuine originality of style as well as substance. It may not be invidious to name two stories as showing fine and consistent workmanship, and an imaginative grasp of human situations which is akin to genius —George O'Neil's "Bravo," and Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "Death at Bearwallow." Last year Miss Roberts gave us a very distinguished and noble piece of fiction in "The Time of Man." Her story in the "Caravan" recalls the impression of her novel in its beautiful and arresting English style. She writes in phrases rather than in words, and the sound of these phrases, long, sustained,

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full of internal cadences in the narrative; short and ascending, contrapuntal, weaving back and forth, as it were, in the conversations, can be heard imaginatively as one reads.

Beyond question, "The American Caravan" is justified by its best work. Captious critics will say that it is hard to excuse it for its worst. In truth, the "Caravan" is far too long. A smaller vehicle would have sufficed to move all the goods of value. But as it stands, publishers and editors are to be congratulated on the generous sportsmanship of their enterprise. The public surely should not hesitate to take a sporting chance.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Fake Biography and Real

Balzac (La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré de Balzac), by René Benjamin. Translated by James F. Scanlon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

Marcel Proust: His Life and Work, by Léon Pierre-Quint. Translated by Hamish and Sheila Miles. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

M. BENJAMIN has written a biography of Balzac in the form of a novel; but as it is unfortunately a bad novel, it follows that it is also bad biography, though the facts and dates are no doubt the same as those given in the encyclopedias. It is not the form M. Benjamin has chosen that is to blame. Ford Madox Ford has quoted Conrad as saying that every good biography is a novel. But when he talked of writing a novel, Conrad did not mean merely stringing together passages of flamboyant description with rhetorical dialogue. He was assuming that the subject of the biography would be absorbed into the writer's imagination and then recreated for the reader. M. Benjamin has shunned the inner effort of creating anything. Instead he relies on the force of Balzac's already established fame, contenting himself with the connotations he knows the sight of Balzac's name will arouse, and adding grandiloquent references to genius, mighty labors, the significance of art, etc. . . . until it would never occur to you, from reading this book, that Balzac had actually been a genius. You would imagine that he had been Douglas Fairbanks in a movie version of Balzac.

The translator shied at the title of the original, "La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré de Balzac," and gave the English text the more chaste title, "Balzac." He was mistaken. The movie-caption style of the original gave precisely the motif for the book, which merely melodramatizes the picturesque aspects of Balzac's temperament. Each incident is featured as PRODIGIOUS—STUPENDOUS—A WHIRLWIND. In short, the book is practically a working script for Mr. de Mille or any other producer who knows exactly how a genius is supposed to behave on the screen.

The grain of truth in all this is that Balzac's energy was literally prodigious, and that he often melodramatized it himself. But M. Benjamin might have been more cautious in imitating the lion. Back of Balzac's roar was a hungry imagination; back of M. Benjamin's echo of it are merely capital letters.

Balzac set out to include in his work a study of every social layer in the civilization of France in his day, and within those layers a study of each of the chief types of man. When the "Human Comedy" was finished, each novel was to fit into place as each paragraph fits into an ordinary novel. To carry out this plan, he often studied a dozen subjects at once, incubated two or three novels ahead of the one in hand, and worked on the current one at a pace which would have killed any man without the strength of a bull. On the surface his energy foamed and boiled over in every direction. But what was important about it was not the boiling over: it was its central orderliness. Balzac was a classifier. M. Benjamin's book retails the by-products of the boiling over. He tells anecdotes of coffee-drinking equal to that of Catherine the Great, of Balzac's reckless piling up of debts, of his clothes, his English horses, his social ambitions, his loves. All these would have value in the hands of a biographer who would use them as aids in understanding Balzac. But M. Benjamin exploits them because they are picturesque.

When he wishes to show genius at work, he is still well within the tradition of the movies. The climax of his book is the night when "Père Goriot" was finished. Balzac was visiting friends in their chateau, but he had shut himself up in his room, ignoring both his hosts and their meal hours. A storm was coming up and the night was hot and stifling. The room was strewn with papers, clothes, coffee-cup and saucer; and on his disheveled bed Balzac, rolling and steaming like a porpoise, moaned in the hallucination that he was himself *père* Goriot on his deathbed:

> At last he felt that he was dying, and to die he let go his pen; it rolled to the floor; he stretched himself out like a man tormented by suffering, stretched out his hands on either side of the bed, close to which he kept seeing Bianchon and Rastignac and—suddenly he turned into Balzac again! He had just made a wonderful discovery. The significance of art and the artist's joy were coming back to him. He imagined, quite naturally, by that gesture of his hands, that père Goriot was caressing the heads of the students and believed himself to be touching his daughters!
>
> "Ah, my pretty ones!"
>
> He picked up his pen again and wrote those four words of genius in a lightning stroke, while another flash, lurid and dumb, transfigured the room.

(Camera!)

Whatever gold there was in this story has been turned, by the sentimentalist's alchemy, into brass.

Léon Pierre-Quint's "Marcel Proust" is more a study than a biography, but the first third of the book, which is devoted to Proust's life, gives a sympathetic and intelligent picture of his development. The middle section analyzes certain technical aspects of his writings, and the final third discusses Proust's "universe": the society which he studied in Paris and recreated in "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

Marcel Proust offered as tempting a chance to the hunter of picturesque tidbits—if M. Pierre-Quint had been seeking the same kind of easy effects as M. Benjamin—as Balzac, though at the opposite pole of temperament. Where Balzac's gusto and strength were gargantuan, so that he seemed to be himself a volcano in perpetual eruption, Proust's sensitivity was so delicate that he resembled one of those seismographs whose needle translates the slightest tremor, imperceptible to our senses, into a magnified and intricate curve. In the smallest incident he found endless meanings and the need for endless parentheses and clauses within clauses to make his precise meaning more precise. His life in the fashionable salons, or at the Ritz

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or in his cork-lined bedroom, was fantastically adapted to the rhythm of his illness. His weakness—caused by asthma and neurasthenia—often made it impossible for him to leave his bed for days at a time; but left him the energy, when his interest was suddenly aroused, to talk all night and, returning home at six in the morning, write a twenty-page letter of footnotes to the conversation just finished. Actions which the rest of us perform casually became terrifying tasks for him. And yet this quivering neurasthenic planned a work as vast in its scope as Balzac's, and labored on it for twenty years with a tireless energy of the imagination, as intense, though not at the same pitch, as Balzac's itself.

The sketch of Proust's life, which M. Pierre-Quint gives, is written exclusively to help in understanding Proust's work; and the only charge which can be brought against it is its excess of discretion. He omits certain chapters which will no doubt eventually be written; but what he gives is enough to make clear the main outlines. In his childhood Proust appeared to be merely one of many sensitive and imaginative boys, weaving a poetic glamor about the names which had once been lustrous in French history. In his youth he began the slow discovery that the present bearers of those names—the fashionable world—were very different from his boyish picture. In manhood he pondered the present reality until he emerged disillusioned in everything except his faith in art. The unrelenting inner discipline, which consisted in sounding the bed-rock of his own impressions, and to which he subjected himself for years, dissolved the youthful snob and left the pure artist. Balzac had used literature to advance his social ambitions; but Proust burned his social ambitions in this attempt to discover the essential reality in himself and to express it in words. What he ultimately wrote, he wrote not as the member of any clique or class in society, nor even as a neurasthenic, but as a man and an artist.

The other two parts of M. Pierre-Quint's book, devoted to Proust's technique and to his "universe," are even more interesting than the sketch of his life; but to go into them here would open up a discussion of that fertile and marvellous book, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," itself. The chapters in which M. Pierre-Quint discusses Proust's method of disciplining his imagination, the structure of his style, his explorations in the memory of the senses, his handling of time, form a brilliant and penetrating essay in criticism. Anyone who is interested in the problems of writing will find them exciting, whether he is already familiar with Proust or not. And they establish M. Pierre-Quint as an analyst of considerable magnitude, even in a country where competent critics shine as thick as stars on a clear night.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

"From the Jews to Bryan"

Creation: A History of Non-Evolutionary Theories, by Edward Tenney Brewster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 295 pages. $2.50.

MR. BREWSTER has written a clear and pleasant book which fills a gap in our popular scientific literature. As he points out, there are numerous accounts of evolution, most of them good, but there is no account of creation to parallel them. Yet "creation" is one term of a great historic controversy which has disturbed the temper of millions. Mr. Brewster's book reviews the various meanings given to "creation" in the controversy, not between theologians and scientists, but between one group of biologists or geologists and another.

Prior to the Protestant reformation, declares Mr. Brewster, the idea of "creation" was not a subject of controversy in European thought. Then Aristotle was the infallible authority on all matters of knowledge and conduct, and, according to Aristotle, living forms did stand to each other in a definite evolutionary relationship. But after the Protestant reformation, the authority of Aristotle was replaced by that of the Bible; at the same time men began to learn an immense deal about living matter, and it became a source of anxiety to them to reconcile Genesis with genetics. But the growing accumulation of the records of geologists and naturalists compelled them first of all to replace the Biblical view of the age of the world with a geological one; then it compelled them to abandon the notion of the flood as an instrument of creation and to seek some substitute for it. The substitutes make up the theories of the "scientific creationists." Mr. Brewster describes half a dozen such. Five are severally attached to the names of Charles Bonnet, Linnæus, Cuvier, Agassiz, and Lyell before he had read Darwin's "Origin of Species." The sixth, which is the current one, tends, says Mr. Brewster, to identify creationism with evolution much as Darwin held it, or with Mendelism. God is assumed to work behind the observed phenomena, *but*—"certain things are known to have evolved. About them, back of that, Science nowadays knows nothing." "Philosophy and theology, which go back of that, may be knowledge," but once again, *but*——

H. M. K.

In Which the American City Scores

Modern Development of City Government in the United Kingdom and the United States, by Ernest S. Griffith. Two Vols. New York: Oxford University Press. 631 pages. $14.

Municipal Government in the United States, by Thomas H. Reed. New York: The Century Company. 368 pages. $3.

WHEN will learned people cease to believe in spooks and fairies? Dr. Ernest Griffith has written one of the best works on municipal institutions that has come from the press in recent years, and yet, he spots it here and there with passages that would do credit to the Nightie Knights of Klan-ridden Hoosierdom. "How deep-rooted and instinctive in the Nordic races is this capacity for local government!" "In the United States the great majority of crimes are committed by the non-Anglo-Saxon element." "On the other hand is the Nordic heritage of local self-government"; "Law and order [in the British Isles] are the accepted thing (save in Ireland, where there is a racial difference)." To all of which we say "Blah," and turn to those portions of the work worthy of serious consideration.

For many years in America, political scientists, students of municipal government, and various reform groups have held up for emulation the cities of England. There is prevalent in the United States today a feeling that American city government is still a revelation of all that democratic government should not be. There are still things to be ashamed of, but from time to time it is well to look about and take pride in the progress made. Dr. Griffith points out the strides made by American cities in the simplification

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of the framework of their government and in the fitting of that framework to the modern demands of a complex administrative system. He compares this with the outworn framework of English city government, where the borough councils, unable to cope with the increasing functions of the city, have multiplied the number of council committees until, "Not only has the committee work become increasingly arduous, but the adjustment between functions has grown in complexity and difficulty. Councillors find themselves of necessity more and more preoccupied with committee work, and the council collectively has less and less capacity to view the city government as a whole." Other indictments of British cities drawn up by Dr. Griffith are the inadequacy and injustice of taxation according to rental values—and, in passing, it might be said that the chapter on city finance is by far the best in the two volumes—the neglect of the cities by Parliament, overcentralization, too much control by administrative boards, the costliness of getting private bills through Parliament, the debilitating effect of grants-in-aid with city authorities demanding their doles from the central treasury at the expense of self-help, and the general lack of popular interest in municipal government, which Dr. Griffith summarizes as follows: "One gains the impression that the average American citizen takes a much greater interest in city affairs. The general attitude reveals itself even in the daily conversation; for an American, when speaking of a city project, usually says, 'We did it,' while the Englishman would say, 'They did it.'" But are we so interested? If we turn to Professor Reed's book, we will find some distressing statistics showing that, whereas in 1901 73.8 percent of the citizen population voted in New York City, in 1920 47.1 of the citizen population voted. By comparison with British subjects, American citizens may show a greater interest in city government, which shows conditions in Britain rather deplorable. Some authorities have held that lack of interest in England is due to the general non-partisan character of municipal government there. Yet Dr. Griffith assures us that, "Nonpartisanship has grown greatly in America, while in few British cities has an 'independent' much chance of election." The same author finds that the home-rule movement in America and the spirit behind it demonstrate the health and vigor of American municipal democracy. While in England the cities complain of being compelled to undertake more functions, in America there is an eagerness to expand the functions which the English cities complain of as onerous. Especially is this true of education. Central control in all fields, except in municipal trading, has led to a steady decline of local initiative. American cities have something to learn of British cities in the greater respect for law, the better police administration, and in greater efficiency and honesty in the general civil service. All of which might be granted with certain reservations. There is lawlessness in American cities, and for the most part no excuse should be offered for it, but where on earth does a person have more laws to obey? Laws very often imposed by rural legislatures that have a deep and abiding feeling of responsibility for the moral salvation of the urban population.

Dr. Griffith's chapter on the legal basis of municipal government is woefully inadequate and not without error. When he says, "Similar action [i. e., the granting of home rule] could be taken by any of the American state legislatures where constitutional provisions have not yet secured home rule," he is evidently unaware of the decisions of some state courts in this country, declaring that such an act is unconstitutional as a delegation of legislative powers to the cities. One might also ask if annexation of adjacent towns by cities is quite so easy in this country as Dr. Griffith would have us believe; by comparison with British experience, the annexation process may be more easy of accomplishment in America. This much may be granted as long as we do not forget the local pride and jealousy that prevents the unification of our metropolitan areas. Objection might also be raised to the statement, "The test of central-local good feeling and coöperation is certainly a fair test to apply. The United States has quite apparently achieved this good feeling, for in the purely advisory capacity of the central boards there is inherent harmony with the local point of view." Resentment because of interference by state boards even when the interference is purely advisory is not a thing of the past.

Dr. Griffith, however, has done a valuable piece of work, a work that is a distinct contribution to the literature on municipal government.

Professor Reed, using for the most part the traditional form of treatment of American municipal government, gives us an intelligent survey of the field from the point of view of one who has seen actual service as a public official. His chapters on the "Perfection of Administration," and "The Government of Metropolitan Areas" are worthy of especial mention. He presents the typical American viewpoint in contrasting American and European municipal government, a point of view which Dr. Griffith does not accept with regard to American and English cities. Distance has distorted the view of our American commentators. As to most American cities where home rule does not prevail, Professor Reed believes that "the actual degree of municipal freedom is not much different on one side of the Atlantic than on the other." A statement which the ordinary regionalist in France could, no doubt, dispute with some success.

Professor Reed's book is well written and orderly in arrangement; but, on the whole, it is the conventional textbook.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

Fiction Notes

Flowering Quince, by Dorothy Van Doren. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THE completest tragedies—perhaps the only real tragedies—are the unnecessary ones, and this story, written with such effective reticence and detachment as to leave almost the impression of a "case"-record, is sustained and progressive tragedy. From the first shock, in Emily Ann's frost-bitten childhood, of encountering mysterious "sin" when a beloved teacher is smirched by childish slander and expelled from the village—to the blasting of her own delicate day-dreams by the casual sensuality of a visiting small-town Lothario—just as the blossoms on her mother's japonica-bush might be shrivelled and blackened by a careless bonfire—the tale proceeds from senseless, calamitous cause to fatal effect. Emily Ann, her dream a nightmare now, leaves the village to seek her fortune in the city, resolute, capable and valiant to meet anything but emotional disturbance. The normal need for human relationships has been horridly reversed into terror of any intimate contacts whatever, and we see the girl proceeding through a perfectly orderly, industrious and "successful" life—a life as busily and emptily efficient as an ant's—to the point where mere futility of effort breaks her down, and peace and satisfaction come only with return to the village and the flowering quince.

The poignant hopelessness of the story becomes apparent

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LIBERAL?

Yes.

So am I.

Splendid!

Indeed! Now let us sit down and enjoy a quiet little disagreement together.

What about?

Anything.

You say we must disagree?

You think for yourself, do you not?

Don't enrage me, sir!

Impossible! You are a liberal.

True, but injustice maddens me.

I beg you to be calm.

And insist upon disagreeing with me!

Surely, since you admit you think for yourself. One who does that is bound to disagree with everyone else.

But if we independent-minded people disagree, how can we expect the world to progress?

Swimmingly. It takes plenty of honest, intelligent disagreement to test out the truth properly.

Your view interests me, but scarcely convinces.

Oh, well, be obst. . . . but look!—a BARGAIN:

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10-19-27

THE CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

announces the following Study and Discussion Groups for parents, teachers and social workers, to be held at headquarters, 54 W. 74 St., N. Y. C. for the season 1927-1928:

Infancy and Early Childhood
Early Childhood
Child Development and Child Training
The Child from 6 to 12
Introduction to General Child Study
Sex Education for Parents
Progressive Methods in Education
Changing Concepts of Child Training
Vocational Guidance
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The Adolescent in Modern Society
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These Study Groups will be led by members of the staff of the Child Study Association and other specialists in child development.

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after Emily Ann's frantic rejection of a patient and tender love. We know then that she is lost indeed, and in the gathering gloom, discern the glowing necessity of human contacts, the vital need to care and be cared for—to give and receive sympathy, which this restrained New England novel thrusts into our perception. Mrs. Van Doren's method is almost austere, objective enough for the staunchest Victorian, yet her apprehension of current psychological theory is overwhelmingly apparent, and her conclusions carry through to emotional recognition.

Respectability, by Bohun Lynch. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

WITH the perennial crop of novels of revolt white for harvest, the moral lethargy of the reviewer is stirred only to an apprehensive sigh by the patently revolting title "Respectability." Bohun Lynch's authorship reassures us somewhat, and, as we meander through a labyrinth of introductory sketches, we find that Lynch the caricaturist has merely set up a couple of bogeys before the permanent target of conventional virtue, and is enjoying himself vastly with a few literary volleys on the way to his story. Our own enjoyment is deferred until he settles down to it in the history of Esther Wade—as delightful a daughter, "natural" or unnatural, as one could desire—and her struggle, against crippling odds, for independence.

The conflict is somewhat weakened by the exaggerated forms of the bogeys, special types of cruelty and hypocrisy happily rare today—but interest develops increasingly about the character of Esther and culminates in her victory not only over the family incubus but ultimately over her own potential intolerance and jealousy. The pro-Esther allies throughout are charming folk, although conventionally irreproachable—with the single exception of the rugged iconoclast with whom she falls in love, and who produces a very fresh and unsavory past to be overlooked. (For Mr. Lynch's consistency and our own comfort, we hope, *not* to balance Esther's origin!) Save for this purely parenthetical fly, the ointment is suave and effective—a good story about a grand woman.

The Exile, by Mary Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IT'S a long, long way from "To Have and to Hold" to the denatured romance of "The Exile." Having or holding in any material sense are consummations devoutly to be shunned by Richard Kaye—a leading man refined to an almost gaseous state. "Hot air," indeed, is the atmosphere in which the tale moves—if such a term applies to a narrative in which nothing whatever occurs except the encounters, upon the island of Kaye's exile, of persons intuit-ed to be acquaintances from former lives, *and* their conversation—equally "etheric" in character, about it and about. The classic vamp attempts her stuff, but needless to say, is repulsed, with only the merest glimmer of hope (contingent on good behavior) for purer contacts in higher lives. Richard's immaculacy trembles in the balance on being urged to join a picnic party composed of the Island's youthful aristocracy, but the impulse is conquered—and the climax of the book is over. There remains the happy ending. Kaye and the dove-eyed Naomi walk upon the violet headland "in full silence"—their love having been Pasteurized through countless lives beyond all need of speech or touch. Then: "She went back to Thorne House . . . and the next day he sailed upon the 'Leander.'" So culminates romance upon atmic planes.

Nevertheless there remains, despite vacuity of situation and character, a certain stiff but florid design, reminiscent of the days when Miss Johnston's novels drove straight through stilted yet effective verbiage to a dramatic conclusion. Now the formal borders of an antiquated "style"—across which tenuous wraiths of personages drift ineffectually—are the only tangible substance in this ghost of a Mary Johnston novel.

Garden of Flames, by E. S. Stevens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

DESPITE its box-office title, "Garden of Flames" is a good novel—presenting a perennially interesting situation and personages whose sympathetic character enhances that interest. It is a domestic drama played against the lurid background of the British oil-fields in Persia—the "garden" of flaming waste oil, with which the author is obviously familiar—one even feels, *too* familiar to make its scenic value fully effective. The action rises out of emotional circumstances as potentially lurid as the hill-fires, but is restrained, by feats of moral engineering on the part of the persons involved, to a course controlled almost as rigorously as are the oil-streams of the British-Oriental Oil Company. It would all seem a little too well ordered—the wronged wife a little too rationalistically "decent," the wronged husband somewhat inhumanly stoical, emotional independence almost too efficiently achieved—were it not for the scene in the Lebanon inn with which the book closes, leaving the reader in doubt as to whether Linda's surrender to her contrite and disillusioned spouse is or is not a Happy Ending.

Yellow Gentians and Blue, by Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

AS one might expect, these extremely short stories by Zona Gale are extraordinary in execution and in feeling. Employing a method which might almost be termed ascetic in its repudiation of rhetorical luxury, she drives straight to the heart of her emotional material, with incisive and searching pathos. Only very occasionally does she graze sentimentality, although there is a decided mystical quality in many of the tales—but even then her laconic directness cuts away all superfluous sympathies. Some of these delicate examples of Miss Gale's craftsmanship have already received appreciation in E. J. O'Brien's "Best Stories," but "Bill" (unstarred in the guide-book) gave this reviewer the "most pointed pleasure"—stabbing sharp pathos through the autumnal atmosphere of its crisp diction very much as the blue of gentians flashes from a frosty roadside in "the diamond weather."

D. B. WOOLSEY.

Contributors

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